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A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Father," began the girl, the fun leaving her eyes and her lips becoming grave, "I don't like the noises at night. I have not suggested the police, because robbery is not the motive."

"Laura, that's all tomyrot. This is an old house, and the wood always creaks with a change of temperature. But this doesn't seem to touch Mr. Fitzgerald."

The girl shrugged.

"Well, I'm glad I told that German chap not to leave till he heard again from me. I'll hire him. He looks like a man who wouldn't let noises worry him. You will find your noises are entirely those of imagination."

"Have it that way," she agreed patiently.

"But here's Mr. Fitzgerald still," said the admiral pointedly.

"Not long ago you said to me that if I ever saw the son of David Fitzgerald to bring him home. Till yesterday I never saw him; only then because Mrs. Coldfield pointed him out and wondered what he was doing with a tray of statuettes around his neck. As I could not invite him to come home with me, I did the next best thing; I invited him to call on me. I was told that he was fond of adventures, so I gave the invitation as much color as I could. Do I stand pardoned?"

"Indeed you do!" cried Fitzgerald. So this was the Killigrew his father had known?

"David Fitzgerald, your father? That makes all the difference in the world." The admiral thrust out a hand. "Your father wasn't a good business man, nor was he in the navy, but he could draw charts of the Atlantic coast with his eyes shut. Laura, you get the whisky and sugar and hot water. You haven't brought me a secretary, but you have brought under my roof the son of an old friend."

She laughed. It was rich and free-toned laughter, good for any man to hear. As she went to prepare the toddy, the music echoed again through the hall.

"Sometimes I wake up in the morning with a new gray hair," sighed the admiral. "What would you do with a girl like that?"

"I'd hang on to her as long as I could," earnestly.

"I shall," grimly. "Your father and I were old friends. There wasn't a yacht on these waters that could show him her heels, not even my own. You don't mean to tell me your're no yachtsman! Why, it ought to be in the blood."

"Oh, I can handle small craft, but I don't know much about the engine-room. What time does the next train return to New York?"

"For you there'll be no train under a week. You're going to stay here, since you've been the victim of a hoax."

"Disabuse your mind there, sir. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so thoroughly."

"But you'll stay? Oh, yes!" as Fitzgerald shook his head. "The secretary can do the work here while you and I can take care of the rats in the hold. Laura's just imagining things, but we'll humor her. If there's any trouble with the chimney, why, we'll get a bricklayer and pull it down."

"Miss Killigrew may have some real cause for alarm. I saw a man, or rather, I heard him, running, as I came up the road from the gates. I called to him, but he did not answer."

"Is that so? Wasn't the porter at the gates when you came in?"

"No. The footpath was free."

"This begins to look serious. If the porter isn't there the gate bell rings, I can open it myself by wire. I never bother about it at night, unless I am expecting some one. But in the daytime I can see from here whether or not I wish to open the gate. A man running in the park, eh? Little good it will do him. The house is a network of burglar alarms."

"Wire can be cut and quickly repaired."

"But this is no house to rob. All my valuables, excepting these books, are in New York. The average burglar isn't of a literary turn of mind. Still, if Laura has really heard something, all the more reason why you should make us a visit. Wait a moment. I've an idea." The admiral set the burglar alarm and tried it. The expression on his face was blank. "Am I getting deafer?"

"No bell rang," said Fitzgerald quickly.

"By cracky, if Laura is right! But not a word to her, mind. When she goes upstairs we'll take a trip into the cellar and have a look at the main wire. You've got to stay; that's all there is about it. This is serious. I hadn't tested the wires in a week."

"Perhaps it's only a fuse."

"We can soon find out about that. Sh! Not a word to her!"

She entered with a tray of two steaming toddies, as graceful a being as Hebe before she spilled the precious drop. The two men could not keep their eyes off her, the one with loving possession, the other with admiration not wholly free from unrest. The daring manner in which she lured him here would never be forgetable. And she had known him at the start? And that merry Mrs. Coldfield in the plot!

"I hope this will cheer you, father."

"It always does," replied the admiral, as he took the second glass. "I have asked Mr. Fitzgerald to spend a week with us."

"Thank you, father. It was thoughtful of you. If you had not asked him, the pleasure of doing so would have been mine. Mrs. Coldfield pointed you out to me as a most ungrateful fellow, because you never called on your father's or mother's friends any more, but preferred to gallivant round the world. You will stay? We are very unconventional here."

"It is all very good of you. I am rather a lonesome chap. The newspapers and magazines have spoiled me. There's never a moment so happy to me as when I am ordered to some strange country, thousands of miles away. It is in the blood. Thanks, very much; I shall be very happy to stay. My hand-bag, however, is at Swan's hotel, and there's very little in it."

"A trifling matter to send to New York for what you need," said the admiral, mightily pleased to have a man to talk to who was not paid to reply. "I'll have William bring the cart round and take you down."

"No, no; I had much rather walk. I'll turn up some time in the morning, say luncheon, if that will be agreeable to you."

"As you please. Only, I should like to save you an unpleasant walk in dark."

"I don't mind. A dark street in a country village this side of the Atlantic holds little or no danger."

"I offered to build a first-class lighting plant if the town would agree to pay the running expenses; but the council threw it over. They want me to build a library. Not much! Hold on," as Fitzgerald was rising. "You are not going right away. I shan't permit that. Just a little visit first."

Fitzgerald resumed his chair.

"Have a cigar. Laura is used to it."

"But does Miss Killigrew like it?" laughing.

"Cigars, and pipes, and cigarettes," she returned. "I am really fond of the aroma. I have tried to acquire the cigarette habit, but I have yet to learn what satisfaction you men get out of it."

Conversation veered in various directions, and finally rested upon the subject of piracy; and here the admiral proved himself a rare scholar. By some peculiar inadvertency, as he was in the middle of one of his own adventures, his finger touched the burglar alarm. Clang! Brrr! From top to bottom of the house came the shock of differently voiced bells. The two men gazed at each other dumfounded. But the girl laughed merrily.

"You touched the alarm, father."

"I rather believe I did. And a few minutes before you came in with the toddies I tried it and it didn't work."

It took some time to quiet the servants; and when that was done Fitzgerald determined to go down to the village.

"Good night, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the girl. "Better beware; this house is haunted."

"We'll see if we can't lay that ghost, as they say," he responded.

The admiral came to the door. "What do you make of it?" he whispered.

"You possibly did not press the button squarely the first time." And that was Fitzgerald's genuine belief.

"By the way, will you take a note for me to Swan's? It will not take me a moment to scribble it."

"Certainly."

Finally the young man found himself in the park, heading quickly toward the gates. He searched the night keenly, but this time he neither heard nor saw any one. Then he permitted his fancy to take short flights. Interesting situation! To find himself a guest here, when he had come keyed up for something strenuous! Pirates and jolly-rogers and mysterious trespassers and silent bells, to say nothing of a beautiful young woman with a leaning toward adventure! But the most surprising turn was yet to come.

In the office of Swan's hotel the landlord sat snoozing peacefully behind the desk. There was only one customer. He was a gray-haired, ruddy-visaged old salt in white duck—at this time of year!—and a blue sack-coat dotted with shining brass buttons, the whole five-foot-four topped by a gold-braided officer's cap. He was drinking what is jocularly called a "schooner" of beer, and finishing this he lurched from the room with a rolling, hiccoughing gait, due entirely to a wooden peg which extended from his right knee down to a highly polished brass ferrule.

Fitzgerald awakened the landlord and gave him the admiral's note.

"You will be sure and give this to the gentleman in the morning?"

"Certainly, sir. Mr. Karl Breitmann," reading the superscription aloud. "Yes, sir; first thing in the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

Some Explanations.

Karl Breitmann! Fitzgerald pulled off a shoe, and carefully deposited it on the floor beside his chair. Private secretary to Rear Admiral Killigrew, retired; Karl Breitmann! He drew off the second shoe, and placed it, with military preciseness, close to the first. Absently, he rose, with the intention of putting the pair in the hall, but remembered before he got as far as the door that it was not customary in America to put one's shoes outside in the halls. Ultimately, they would have been stolen or have remained there till the trump of doom.

Could there be two Breitmanns by the name of Karl? Here and there, across the world, he had heard of Breitmann, but never had he seen him since that meeting in Paris. And, simply because he had proved to be an enthusiastic student of Napoleon, like himself, he had taken the man to dinner. But that was nothing. Under the same circumstances he would have done the same thing again. There had been something fascinating about the fellow, either his voice or his manner. And there could be no doubting that he had been at ebb tide; the shiny coat, the white, but ragged linen, the cracked patent leathers.

A baron, and to reach the humble grade of private secretary to an eccentric millionaire—for the admiral, with all his kindliness and common sense, was eccentric—this was a fall. Where were his newspapers? There was a dignity to foreign work, even though in Europe the pay is small. There was trouble going on here and there, petty wars and political squabbles. Yes, where were his newspapers? Had he tried New York? If not, in that case, he—Fitzgerald—could be of some solid assistance. And Cathewe knew him, or had met him.

Fitzgerald had bufeted the high and low places; he seldom made mistakes in judging men offhand, an art acquired only after many initial blunders. This man Breitmann was no sham; he was a scholar, a gentleman, a fine linguist, versed in politics and war. Well, the little mystery would be brushed aside in the morning. Breitmann would certainly recognize him.

But to have forgotten the girl! To have permitted a course of events to discover her! Shameful! He jumped into bed, and pulled the coverlet close to his nose, and was soon asleep, sleep broken by fantastic dreams, in which the past and present mixed with the improbable chances of the future.

Thump-thump, thump-thump! To Fitzgerald's fogged hearing, it was like the pulse beating in the bowels of a ship, only that it stopped and began at odd intervals, intermittently. At the fourth recurrence, he sat up, to find that it was early morning, and that the sea lay, gray and leaden, under the pearly haze of dawn. Thump-thump! He rubbed his eyes, and laughed. It could be no less a person than the old sailor in the summer yachting toggery. Drat 'em! These sailors were always trying to beat sun-up. At length, the peg left the room above, and banged along the hall and thumped down the stairs. Then all became still once more, and the listener snuggled under the covers again, and slept soundly till eight. Outside, the day was full, clear, and windy.

On the way to the dining-room, he met the man. The scars were a little deeper in color and the face was thinner, but there was no shadow of doubt in Fitzgerald's mind.

"Breitmann?" he said, with a friendly hand.

The other stood still. There was no recognition in his eyes; at least, Fitzgerald saw none.

"Breitmann is my name, sir," he replied courteously.

"I am Fitzgerald; don't you remember me? We dined in Paris last year, after we had spent the afternoon with the Napoleonic relics. You haven't forgotten Macedonia?"

Breitman took the speaker by the arm, and turned him round. Fitzgerald had been standing with his back to the light. The scrutiny was short. The eyes of the Bavarian softened, though the quizzical wrinkles at the corners remained unchanged. All at once his whole expression warmed.

"It is you? And what do you here?" extending both hands.

Some doubt lingered in Fitzgerald's mind; yet the welcome was perfect, from whichever point he chose to look. "Come in to breakfast," he said, "and I'll tell you."

"My table is here; sit by the window. Who was it said that the world is small? Do you know, that dinner in Paris was the first decent meal I had had in a week? And I didn't recognize you at once! Herr Gott!" with sudden weariness. "Perhaps I have had reason to forget many things. But you?"

Fitzgerald spread his napkin over his knees. There was only one other man breakfasting. He was a small, wiry person, white of hair, and spectacled, and was at that moment curiously employed. He had pinned to the table a small butterfly, yellow, with tiny dots on the wings. He was critically inspecting his find through a jeweler's glass.

"I am visiting friends here," began Fitzgerald. "Rear Admiral Killigrew was an old friend of my father's. I did not expect to remain, but the admiral and his daughter insisted; so I am sending to New York for my luggage, and will go up this morning." He saw no reason for giving fuller details.

"So it must have been you who brought the admiral's note. It is fate. Thanks. Some day that casual dinner may give you good interest."

The little man with the butterfly bent lower over his prize.

"Do you believe in curses?" asked Breitmann.

"Ordinary, every-day curses, yes; but not in Roman anathemas."

"Neither of those. I mean the curse that sometimes dogs a man, day and night; the curse of misfortune. I was hungry that night in Parie; I have been hungry many times since. I have held honorable places; today, I became a servant at seventy-five dollars a month and my bread and butter. A private secretary."

"But why aren't you with some newspaper?" asked Fitzgerald, breaking his eggs.

Breitmann drew up his shoulders. "For the same reason that I am renting my brains as a private secretary. It was the last thing I could find, and still retain a little self-respect. My heart was dead when the admiral told me he had already engaged a secretry. But your note brought me the position."

"But the newspapers?"

"None of them will employ me."

"In New York, with your credentials?"

"Even so."

"I don't quite understand."

"It would take too long to explain."

"I can give you some letters."

"Thank you. It would be useless. Secretly and subterraneously, I have had the bottom knocked out from under my feet. Why, God knows! But no more of that. Some day I will give you my version."

"So I become a private secretary, till the time offers something better," Breitmann stared at the sea.

"I am sorry. I wish I could help you. Better let me try." Fitzgerald stirred his coffee. "You are convinced that there is some cabal working against you in the newspaper business? That seems strange. Some of them must have heard of your work—London, Paris, Berlin. Have you tried them all?"

"Yes. Nothing for me but promises as thick as yonder sands."

The little man rose, and walked out of the room, smiling.

"Splendid!" he murmured. "What a specimen to add to my collection!"

"Do you know what your duties will be?" Fitzgerald inquired.

They will consist of replying to begging letters from the needy and deserving, from crazy inventors, and ministers. In the meantime, I am to do translating, together with indexing a vast library devoted to pirates. Droll, isn't it?" Breitmenn laughed, but this time without bitterness.

"It is a harmless hobby," rather resenting Breitmann's tone.

"More than that," quickly; "it is philanthropic, since it will employ me for some length of time."

"When do they expect you?"

"At half after ten."

"We'll go up together, then. Did you see the admiral's daughter?"

"A daughter? Has he one?" Breitmann accepted this news with an expression of disfavor.

"Yes; and charming, I can tell you. It's all very odd. In Paris that night, they both sat at the next table."

"Why did you not speak to them?"

"Didn't know who they were. The admiral was one of my father's boyhood friends, and I did not meet them till very recently," which was all true enough. For some unaccountable reason, Fitzgerald found that he was on guard. "I have ordered an open carriage. If you have any trunks, I can take them up for you."

"It will be good of you."

They proceeded to finish the repast, and then sought the office, for their reckoning. Later, they strolled toward the water front. Fitzgerald, during moments when the talk lagged, thought over the meeting. If Breitmann had been turned down in all the offices in New York, there must have been some good cause. Newspapers were not passing over men of this fellow's experience, unless he had been proved untrustworthy. Breitmann had not told him everything; he had even told him too little. Still, he would withhold his judgment till he heard from New York on the subject. Cathewe hadn't been enthusiastic over the name; but Cathewe was never inclined to enthusiasms.

Passing the angle of the freight depot brought the little harbor into full view. A fine white yacht lay tugging at her cables.

"There's a beauty," said Fitzgerald admiringly.

"She looks as if she could take care of herself. How fresh the green water line looks! She'll be fast in moderate weather; a fair thousand tons, perhaps."

"A close guess."

"I understand she belongs to my employer. I hope he takes the sea soon. I suppose you know that I have knocked about some as a sailor."

"That will help you into the good graces of the admiral."

"How dull and uninteresting the coast-lines are here! No gardens, no palms, nothing of beauty."

"You must remember the immensity of this coast and that our summers are really less than three months. Here comes one who can tell us about the yacht," cried Fitzgerald, espying the peg-legged sailor. "I say!" he hailed, as the old sailor drew nigh; "you are on the Laura, are you not?"

"Yessir. An' I've been on her since she wus commissioned as a pleasure yacht, sir. Capt'n."

"Ah!"

"Fought under th' commodore in th' war, sir; an' he knows me, an' I knows him; an' when Flanagan is on th' bridge he doesn't signal no pilots between Key West an' St. Johns."

"I am visiting the admiral," said Fitzgerald, amused.

"Oh!" Captain Flanagan ducked, with his hand to his cap. On land, he was likely to imitate landsmen in manners and politeness; but on board he tipped his hat to nobody; leastwise, to nobody but Miss Laura, bless her heart! "I reckon one o' you is th' new sec'rety."

"Yes, I am the new secretary," replied Breitmann, unsmiling.

"Furrin parts?"

"Yes."

"Well, well!" as if, while he couldn't help the fact, it was none the less to be pitied. "You'll be comin' aboard soon, then. Off for th' Banks. Take my word for it, you'll find her as stiddy as one o' your floatin' hotels, sir, where you don't see no sailor but a deck hand as swabs th' scuppers when a beam sea's on. Good mornin'!" And Captain Flanagan stumped off toward the village.

Breitmann shrugged contemptuously. "He may not be in European yachting form," admitted Fitzgerald, "but he's the kind of man who makes a navy a good fighting machine."

"But we usually pick out gentlemen to captain our private yachts."

"Oh, this Flanagan is an exception. There is probably a fighting bond between him and the admiral; that makes some difference. You observed, he called the owner by the title of commodore, as he did 35 years ago. Ten o'clock: we should be going up."

The carriage was at the hotel when they returned. They bundled in their traps and drove away.

The little nam now dropped into the railway station, and stuck his head into the ticket aperture. The agent, who was seated before the telegraph keys, looked up.

"No tickets before half-past ten, sir."

"I am not wanting a ticket. I wish to know if I can send a cable from here."

"A cable? Sure. Where to?"

"Paris."

"Yes, sir. I telegraph it to the cable office in New York, and they do the rest. Here are some blanks."

The other wrote some hieroglyphics, which made the address impossible to decipher, save that it was directly mainly to Paris. The body of the cablegram contained a single word. The writer paid the toll, and went away.

"Now, what would you think of that?" murmured the operator, scratching his head in perplexity. "Well, the company gets the money, so it's all the same to me. Butterflies; and all the rest in French. Next time it'll be bugs. All right; here goes!"

To be Continued.

Contrasts in the World's Livestock

STATISTICS compiled by a high authority up on agricultural subjects—the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome—show that there has been a curious change in the last 10 years in the number of cattle, swine and sheep in the civilized world, especially in proportion to the population of the countries foremost in domestic live stock. The increase in cattle has been much greater, absolutely and relatively, than the gain in sheep. Swine show a higher rate per cent of growth than sheep, but their actual increase is less.

Hogs are so common in the United States that it is not easy for Americans to realize that they are greatly outnumbered by cattle and sheep alike in the civilized world as a whole. This country has 40 per cent of all the swine in countries containing about 850,000,000 people. It owns more hogs than Russia, Germany, France and Great Britain taken together, or 20 times as many as Australia and Argentina combined.

On the other hand, the sheep of Argentina outnumber those of the United States by about 10,000,000, and Australia has 34,000,000 more than this country.

In many parts of the world the number of swine is remarkably small. Italy, for instance, has only about 2,500,000 and Sweden less than 1,000,000. Canada falls below 3,000,000, or 438 to every 1,000 of the population, whereas Great Britain and Ireland have 3,500,000 in round figures, which means less than 80 to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Germany has about one-third of all the hogs in Europe, but Denmark is first in number of swine relatively to the population. Italy, Russia and the United Kingdom are at the other end of the list of European countries, in respect to the proportion of hogs to inhabitants.

In sheep the conditions are greatly altered. The European countries which have the largest flocks in proportion to the population are Bulgaria, Spain, Great Britain and Ireland and Norway. Russia is well up to the front and France stands high. Germany, on the other hand, and Denmark, countries high up in the list in swine, are far down in sheep, both absolutely and relatively to the number of inhabitants.

Russia is the only country in Europe which surpasses the United States in the number of sheep it keeps, but there are three which have more in proportion to the population, and two of them are Great Britain and Ireland, and France, well filled and highly developed states.

The most remarkable contrasts with the United States, however, are made by Australia, Uruguay, New Zealand and Argentina. This country counts about 636 sheep to every 1,000 of the population. In Argentina the number is over 10,000, and in Australia and New Zealand alike it falls a little short of 22,000 to every 1,000 inhabitants. Uruguay leads all other countries in respect to the number of its sheep relatively to the population. There are more than 25,000 for every 1,000 human beings.

In cattle, also, Uruguay is in one respect at the head of the list of countries from which statistics are obtainable. That South American pasture land has 7,850 head of cattle to every 1,000 inhabitants. The proportion in the United States is only 768 to every 1,000 of the population. Argentina is second to Uruguay in respect to the number of cattle relatively to the human inhabitants of the country, the ratio being about 4,500 to 1,000. Australia has 2,631 head of cattle for every 1,000 of the population, and New Zealand is close up with 1,737.

Denmark, however, is the only country in Europe which has more cattle in proportion to its inhabitants than the United States, and the Danish margin is small. Spain has less than 15 per cent as many cattle, relatively to the number of inhabitants, as this country possesses, and Italy hardly 25 per cent of the American proportion of cattle to people.

However, in the actual number of cattle owned there is just one country in the world which surpasses the United States, that exception being British India. Russia, standing third among the nations, falls 26,000,000 below the American total. In cattle, sheep and swine together, this country leads the world, though not in proportion to the population. That distinction belongs to Uruguay.

What Economy Means in Asia

AMERICANS who have noted the fact that official estimates of the sum needed to avert the death by starvation of hundreds of thousands of Chinese victims of famine conditions in the Anhui district, is only $2,000,000, must have wondered how that amount of money could save 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 people in the famine region. It does not seem possible that $1 apiece could go far toward supplying food until a new crop can be grown, several months from now.

But Americans have little realizing sense of what economy and poverty mean in the most populous countries of Asia, or in others, like Persia and Turkey, where the population is small in proportion to the area. The scale of living is entirely different from anything known in this part of the world.

In the provinces of Shensi and Shansi, in the western part of China, which are rich and comfortable, as riches and comfort go in that great empire, the soil is extremely fertile, the crops are good and there is abundant evidence that the masses of the Chinese consider themselves quite well off. And in that region unskilled labor commands an average wage of from three cents to five cents a day!

In one important merchandise movement in Western China—the transportation of great quantities of cotton over mountain roads from the Wei basin to the Han Valley, coolies are used, almost exclusively, as the burden bearers. There are no highways available for wheeled vehicles.

These human pack animals carry an average of 150 pounds of cotton apiece, about 16 miles a day, and for that tremendous labor they are paid the equivalent of seven cents in United States currency. Even at that rate, the cost of moving a given weight of freight any distance, is fully 20 times as much as it would be in the United States, on railroads. On lake vessels coal and iron ore are carried 1,000 miles for from 25 cents a ton up to 60 or 70 cents. Chinese coolies, working for seven cents a day, would have to be paid more than $50 a ton, or say 100 times the price on lake vesse's.

In a country where hard work and heavy work is paid for at such rates and the cost of moving merchandise is nevertheless so great, it follows that prices are amazingly low. In the central part of Shansi nine hen's eggs can be bought for one cent. A good-sized chicken cost five cents. Pigeons sell at one cent apiece. Mutton, with the bones taken out, brings three cents to five cents a pound, and pheasants sell for six cents a pair. Good coal costs less than $1 a ton. Wheat is 25 cents a bushel.

Foreign missionaries in that part of China say that for $2.50 a month an American or European can obtain plenty of good food, such as would be deemed sufficient in any country.

But fabulously low as these prices are, it will be noted that earning the highest wages paid, a laborer can obtain only one pound mutton with a day's toil. He has to work five days for one bushel of wheat and 18 or 20 days to get a ton of coal. Eggs are more favorable to him than other food, but the best he can do is to buy four dozen with a day's work. On the average of a year's prices an unskilled laborer can do better than that in the United States and in respect to meat, wheat, coal and chickens the American laborer has from three to five or six times the earning power of the Chinese.

The value of the smallest coins in use is often said to be a true test of the scale of living in any country. In the western part of China that coin is the brass "cash," which is worth about $1 for 15 pounds of this Chinese money.

In Manchuria the natives mined the bullets out of the hillsides they were shot into during the Japanese-Russian war. It was not done for curiosities, but for the lead which they contained. In many parts of Asia the oil cans in which American petroleum is shipped are converted into many different household utensils. The tin is considered far too valuable to waste, and it is worked over into lamps, pans, cups, buckets and many other things.

In such a country the possibilities of staving off death from famine with a small sum, incredibly small from the American point of view, are not to be judged or limited by American conditions or standards. It may well be that $2,000,000, or about 4,000,000 Mexican silver dollars, will suffice to save millions of lives.

A Sleeping Memory

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Hood sat for a while with his face half-hidden in his hands. When he looked up he was still unnaturally pale, and there was a strange, scared look in his eyes.

"I am very sorry to be such a fool," he said huskily. "I cannot tell what came over me."

"It was the likeness, I daresay," Powers suggested. "There is a likeness, I suppose?"

Hood shuddered.

"It is more than a likeness," he said slowly. "It is something—altogether beyond explanation. I could have sworn when her eyes first met mine that it was Eleanor. And then she looked and looked, and there was nothing behind—no life! It was her body, but it was not Eleanor. No! No!"

Powers felt a momentary shiver pass through his veins.

"You are over-tired and over-excited," he said. "You shall talk to Miss Hardinge again presently, and then you will find the likeness less startling. If it is really so striking as you seem to have found it, I suppose I must make allowance for those crazy young people at Bearmain's who have been causing me so much annoyance."

"It is more than startling," Hood said slowly. "It is unearthly."

Powers lit a cigarette and strolled down the room. When he returned, Hood was more composed.

"If I may trespass upon your hospitality a little longer," he said, rising, "I should like to take my chance of a few more words with Miss Hardinge."

"By all means," Powers answered. "You are looking quit fit now. We will go back into the billiard-room."

Trowse joined them as they entered. Powers introduced him, and the three men talked together for some time. Then Hood, on some pretext, left them, and remained in a small recess from which he could watch Eleanor. His eyes followed her every movement. Trowse and Powers exchanged glances.

"Your friend came—from India?" the former asked.

Powers nodded.

"He was engaged to—Eleanor; has been to Bearmain's in search of her. I was driven to risk his recognition of her. She has altered—so much, that I thought it safe."

Trowse raised his eyebrows. "It was a risk," he remarked.

"It was inevitable." Powers answered. "You can appreciate how altered she is. I can. The worst is over now. He speaks already of the likeness—nothing else."

"There was the risk—on her side!" Trowse said.

Powers shook his head.

"Too soon after the operation," he declared. "It will be years before we need fear that. Look!"

Hood had found his opportunity. Eleanor, who had lost her second game, turned her back upon her partner and sat down in the recess close to where Hood was standing. He moved at once to her side. Her face was clouded and almost childish in its disappointment.

"I am afraid that you have been unlucky again," he said.

"Lord Winandermere is so stupid," she explained pettishly. "He can't play a little bit. I'm sorry I ever played with him. He is a shocking partner."

Hood looked at her in some surprise. She appeared to be genuinely angry.

"It is a long time," he remarked, "since I have seen a billiard-room like this. I have just got home from India."

She nodded, but failed to show any interest.

"I used to live there," she remarked carelessly, "I have forgotten all about it, though."

Hood drew a little breath. His vague disquietude was fading away.

"You came to Europe when you were quite young, I suppose?" he remarked.

She shook her head.

"No, I came quite recently. Only I have had a very bad illness, and I find it difficult to remember anything clearly."

He was properly sympathetic. It was impossible to doubt her sincerity. Yet at that moment something in the languid poise of her head as she leaned back sent the blood rushing through his veins. It was a veritable torment, this.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that you remind me of some one, of a friend, so powerfully that I have to keep on looking at you to assure myself that I am not dreaming."

She laughed softly. "How amusing! Was she—a great friend?"

"I was engaged to marry her," he simply. "Her name is Eleanor Marston."

He was watching her. There was not even the flicker of an eyelid, not the faintest sign of anything beyond a polite but somewhat bored interest.

"And where is she now?" Eleanor asked.

"I have lost her," he answered. "I have come to England to try and find her."

She looked at him sideways, and discovered that he was handsome. Further, she saw that Lord Winandermere was watching them, and looking very cross. Her manner softened suddenly.

"I hope very much that you will succeed," she said. "You must look upon it as a good omen that you have found some one who reminds you of her."

"Thank you!" he answered. "I mean to find her. It is fortunate for you, Miss Hardinge, that I met you here knowing who you were. If I had come across you in the street, or I think anywhere else, I should have thought my search ended—and have greeted you accordingly.

She laughed gayly.

"That would have been most embarrassing for me," she exclaimed, "and you afterwards."

Lady Fiske came up to them, and after her others. Hood slipped quietly away. He left the room as though reluctantly, with his eyes still following Eleanor's movements. Powers spoke to him for a moment in the hall.

"You are satisfied?" he asked quietly.

"To the extent of offering you my most humble apologies—yes," Captain Hood answered. "But—you will laugh at me, I know," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "and yet it seems to me that the likeness is something—unholy. I feel as though I had come into contact with something I can't understand."

Powers smiled genially. "Try a good night's sleep!" he said.

CHAPTER XXI.

Eleanor held out her hands and thanked him with a brilliant smile.

"How lovely, Powers! Thank you ever so much."

She lifted the great cluster of deep red carnations to her face, and rested them for a moment upon her cheek. Then she tossed them carelessly on one side and yawned.

"How dull it is indoors," she remarked. "I cannot think what has become of Lord Winandermere. He promised to come and take me to Hurlingham. He was so sure that his sisters were going today."

Powers frowned and watched the carnations, for which he had given a special commission to Gerard's, torn to pieces by a delighted little dachshund. He looked from them to Eleanor. She was gazing out of the window moodily.

"Why don't you play polo, Powers?"

"Why should I?" he answered.

"How stupid! Don't you see that if you played, or were even interested in it, I should have some one to take me there without depending upon other people."

He turned away impatiently. He was a fool to have provoked the answer which he could quite well have foretold.

"It would be a convenience for you, beyond a doubt," he remarked with wasted irony. "Are you not afraid, Eleanor, that some day you will grow tired of amusing yourself?

She looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"No! Why on earth should I? What else is there to do?"

"What about amusing other people sometimes—by way of a change?"

She smiled—delightfully.

"How dull! I suppose you mean follow Marian's example and have a night class for boys, or get up concerts, to send ragged children to the seaside."

"Why not? Such things are kindly enough; they do good! They are excellent thing for a girl to interest herself in."

She looked at him in manifest and amazed wonder.

"But it wouldn't amuse me at all, Powers! I should be bored to death. I call it a most horrid suggestion!"

"And are you going to think of nothing but amusing yourself all your life?" he asked slowly.

"Why not? I must do something to keep my thoughts occupied. You forget that I am not like other girls."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "Of course you know what I mean. Am I always to grope through life asking questions and knowing nothing of my past beyond what you choose to tell me. Will it ever come back to me, Powers?"

"I believe that it will," he answered, "but you must be patient."

"You are supposed to be a clever physician," she said, "but you keep on doing nothing but tell me to be patient. I am uite tired of it. I shall have to ask Dr. Trowse for his advice. Everybody says that he is wonderful."

Powers winced.

"I beg that you will not do anything of the sort, Eleanor," he exclaimed. "I can assure you that time only is of the slightest avail. Trowse would not understand. He might attempt things which would be dangerous."

She leaned forward and looked at him, her beautiful face clouded, her eyes still full of a moody discontent.

"He might say that you do not understand," she retorted.

"He probably would," Powers admitted. "Yet the fact remains that Trowse, if he had the opportunity, would attempt experiments with his own daughter—if he had one. Eleanor, I wish that you would promise me to have nothing whatever to do with that man. Believe me that it is for your own good I ask this."

"Why should I promise?" she asked carelessly. "They say that he hates women, and that sounds so interesting. I meant to talk to him the other night, only I couldn't get the chance."

Powers rose up hastily.

"You must not ofrget, Eleanor," he said, "that I am for the present your guardian, and that I have some claim to be heard by you on such matters as these. I am not likely to be arbitrary. I do not approve of your sudden intimacy with Captain Hood, but I have not interfered in any way. But as regards Trowse, I have special reasons for asking you most emphatically to have as little to do with him as possible.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Bother Dr. Trowse!" she said. "By

War Offsets Superior Weapons

MILITARY experts have often directed attention to the fact that never before in the history of government among men did professional soldiers armed by states which may fairly be taken as representative of the age, possess as great a superiority in weapons as they have now over the fighting tools which might be improvised by mobs, or rebels. It has been a frequent subject of comment that in the difference between the arms of standing armies and the weapons which private individuals own, the organized powers of the civilized world are stronger than they were in any earlier period.

There was a time, in the middle ages, when heavy armor and horses were used by the nobility and the poor who served in armies went on foot and wore little metal to protect them, or none at all. Then the advantage enjoyed by the fighting man trained and equipped for battle, over the peasant in the field or the artisan in the town, was very great, if the two classes came into collision, but even at that time the difference was less than it is now.

A powerful and determined man armed with a club might, as he sometimes did, knock a knight in chain mail off his horse and kill him, notwithstanding his lance and his sword. Stones thrown by strong arms, or, better still, from slings, were about as effective as arrows, at close range, and archers were never able to keep brave and active foes from getting within throwing distance or even from coming to blows at arm's length, if the two sides were fairly equal and the ground did not give the bowmen a great advantage.

Always, before the era of firearms such as are now in use, the common tools of industry—the scythe, the pitchfork, the axe, the chisel—fastened to the end of a stout pole—and the knives used by various trades, made tolerable substitutes for the weapons designed expressly for fighting. It was easy to improvise arms deadly enough to serve desperate and reckless men, against the armies of those times.

It is different now. There is no substitute for a modern magazine rifle, under the ordinary conditions of warfare. It is impossible to improvise weapons which can offset rapid fire, long range field guns. On an open plain or in a city square 500 soldiers, using the best equipment of the times, might destroy 10,000 men in a mob armed only with such pistols, shotguns, and such less deadly weapons as might be within reach. Knives would be useless. All arm's-length weapons would be of no account.

Yet in Mexico it is being demonstrated that superiority in arms need not necessarily result in the victory of regular soldiers. It is being shown that rifles a little out of date, weapons discarded by great military powers, can be had in abundance by those who are ready to pay for them, at very low prices, and that these rifles can be made to serve effectively against superior arms in the hands of professional fighting men.

It is not the first time that this has been proved, but every such demonstration comes as a fresh shock to those military authorities who hold that the regular armies of the world are its only important fighting force. They like to overlook the many conditions which may neutralize, more or less completely, the advantages of the latest and best arms. One of these is the choice of strong defensive positions. Men with old-fashioned rifles who are hidden behind rocks or in trenches may be more than a match for soldiers who are their equals individuality, and better trained and armed, if the latter have to fight in the open. Another equalizing force is the chance of night attacks. All gun fire becomes more or less wild and uncertain in the dark, and then the courage and dash of the troops in action may more than balance important difference in weapons.

Again, the better armed force may be ignorant of rugged country well known to the men fighting with out-of-date guns. Such conditions may more than offset the difference in rifles. Most of all, the element of courage, enthusiasm, physical fitness and natural fighting spirit may more than overcome advantages in arms, if they are not too great. The man behind the gun is still far more important than the gun itself.

IMPORTANT THAT PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

The testimonial I am to give you comes unsolicited. I have been suffering from lumbago for ten years and at times was unable to stand erect. A Mr. Dean, of this city, saw me in my condition (bent over) and inquired the cause. I told him that I had the lumbago. He replied: "If you get what I tell you to, you need not have it." I said I would take anything for ease. He said: "You get two bottles of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and take it, and if it does not fix you O. K. I will pay for the medicine myself." I did so and am a well man. For five months I have been as well as could be. Before I took your Swamp-Root was in constant pain day and night. This may look like advertising, but it seems to me most important that the public should be made familiar with this treatment, as it is the only one I know which is an absolute cure. I owe a great deal to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and am anxious that others situated as I was should know and take advantage of it. Hoping that this testimonial may be of benefit to someone, I am,

J. A. HOWLAND,
1734 Humboldt St.,
Denver, Col.

State of Colorado, City and County of Denver, ss.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for the city and county of the State of Colorado, J. A. Howland, known to me as the person whose name is subscribed to the above statement, and upon his oath declares that it is a true and correct statement.

DANIEL H. DRAPER,
Notary Public.

Letter to
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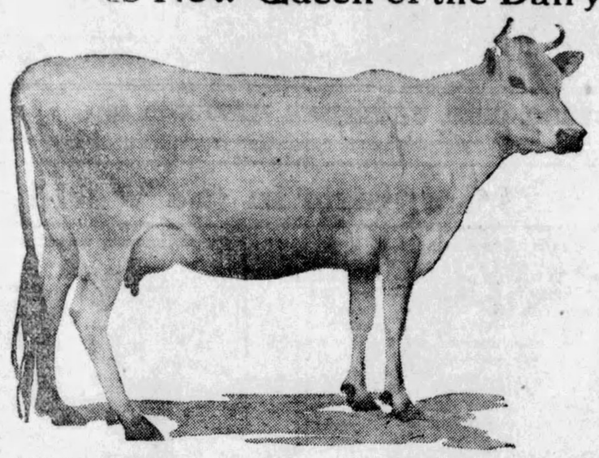
stand on their record, which is a long list of cures extending back a generation.

Druggists everywhere sell them. If first package fails to benefit, your druggist will return your money.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Sophie 19th, of Hood Farm, Is New Queen of the Dairy



Another world's record has been broken. The new queen of the dairy is a beautiful Jersey cow named Sophie 19th of Hood Farm, owned and tested at Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass. She is the Champion Jersey for milk and butter fat production of cows between four and five years of age.

During the 12 months ending December 31, 1910, on a test authenticated by the Massachusetts Agricultural College, under the rules of the American Jersey Cattle Club, Sophie 19th of Hood Farm gave 14,373 lbs. 3 oz. milk, testing 1005 lbs. 11 oz. butter or over half a ton. An accurate account was kept of her feed, and her milk, sold at 10c per quart, made a profit of $565.22.

The United States Department of Agriculture's estimate in round numbers of the wealth produced each year by the 22,000,000 cows in the United States is $800,000,000, or an average profit of $36.36 per cow. If more attention was paid to feeding and breeding it should be easy to increase the average profit per cow to at least one-tenth of the profit made by Sophie 19th of Hood Farm, which would raise the total to $1,240,000,000, an increase of $440,000,000.

Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader give me a recipe for killing lice on early cabbage?—Mrs. D., Edgar, N. C.

Will some one kindly tell me how to make cheese—from start until it is ready to serve?—W., Selma, Ind.

I would like to know how to plant and care for peanuts.—C., Keepville, S. Dak.

Will somebody tell me what will take warts off a yearling calf?—Tobinsport, Ind.

I would like to have directions for making grafting wax. Who will give me information?—V., Salina, O.

Will some Farmstead reader kindly tell me how to prevent young turkeys getting the gapes or worms in the windpipe?—Mrs. M., Letart, W. Va.

Tell me how to plant and manage apple seed for growing grafting stock—when to plant, the kind of soil suitable and how to prepare it.—C., Dahlonega, Ga.

I have a mare with an enlarged hock, caused by an injury. Who will give me a remedy?—D., Match, Tenn.

WORMS IN HORSES

M., Limon, Col.: For worms in horses mix salt and hardwood ashes, about equal parts, and keep in a box where the horses can get at it at any time; or put a partition in the feed box, so that the ashes and salt can be kept in one side. Keep it there all the time and the horses will do the rest.—C., Springfield, Ore.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET

To one pint of alcohol add one ounce of sassafras oil and one ounce of wintergreen oil, shake well and add to one barrel of cider and the cider will keep sweet.—Mrs. P., N. Y.

CORNS IN HORSE'S FOOT

To cure a corn in a horse's foot leave the wall of the foot high, hollow out the foot until the shoe can't touch the corn. Cut the frog-bar out also. It is a sure cure. The shoe resting on the sole causes corns.—K., Blond, Va.

RUSTY SAWS

To remove rust from saws, guns or any other metal go to a hardware store and get a few sheets of emery cloth. With this rub the metal and within a few minutes you will have the rustiest kind of saw or other metal tool shining brightly. The finest grade of emery cloth won't scratch the tools. After cleaning use sweet oil or lamp oil to keep off rust.—D., Glen Easton, W. Va.

HOW TO CURE PORK

For each 100 pounds of pork take 10 pounds of salt, two and one-quarter pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of soda, two ounces of saltpeter and water enough to pop an egg. Pack the meat in a barrel, with the hams at the bottom, shoulders next and sides on top. Boil and skim off the brine, add pepper after skimming. When perfectly cool cover the meat with the pickle, putting a weight on top to be sure that it is all covered. Let it remain in the brine for four or five weeks, or until salt enough, then take it out and smoke and let hang in an open dry place. If the meat is rubbed well with powdered borax no insect will ever bother it.

Here is another recipe it would be well for every householder to cut out and keep. It is the way the famous Westphalia hams are cured, and is not so difficult but any one can follow: The hams are first rubbed with dry salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one pound of saltpeter, four ounces of salprunella, and four ounces of jniper berries are crushed and well mixed together and boiled in six quarts of water.

The brine is cooled and skimmed. The hams are taken from the salt and wiped dry and cold pickle is poured over them and well rubbed into the meat. There should be enough brine to cover the meat. The hams are turned every second day for three weeks, after which they are taken out and wiped dry and a mixture of pepper, salt and bran is thoroughly rubbed into the meat. They are then smoked a little each day for three months, or even more, until completely dry, when they will keep solid and improve in flavor for years.

RATIONS FOR LAYING HEN

The New York station thinks that the following is the correct ration for the laying hen: Digestible nutrients per day for each 100 pounds of live weight: Hens, three to five pounds weight, 5.50 pounds of dry matter; hens five to seven pounds weight, 3.30 pounds dry matter. The sample mixture of feeds for this standard is as follows: Cracked corn, one pound; wheat, three-fourth pound; corn meal, three-fourths pound: wheat middlings, one-half pound; animal meal, one-half pound; fresh bone, two thirds pound; young green alfalfa, three-fourths pound.

The United States department of agriculture gives the following as the standard ration for growing chicks. Digestible nutrients per day for each hundred pounds of live weight: For the first two weeks, 10.1 pounds; two to four weeks, 9.6 pounds; four to six weeks, 8.6 pounds; eight to ten weeks, 6.4 pounds; ten to twelve weeks, 5.4 pounds. After twelve weeks the same ration as for laying hens for pullets and a fattening ration for surplus cockerels. A simple ration is: Cracked wheat, four pounds; granulated oat meal, two pounds; wheat middlings, one-half pound; animal meal, two and one-fourth pounds; young green alfalfa, two and three-fourth pounds. This amount will feed from 800 to 1,000 chicks for a day.

The Rhode Island station has found that the best results are obtained by using the mixture given below: For chicks from one day to six weeks old mix four parts of cracked oats, one of fine cracked wheat, two of rolled oats, one-half of one part of millet seed, one-half of one part of broken rice and two parts of fine scraps. For the first two weeks we have added one pint of millet seed, leaving out scraps during the first week. Boiled eggs, three for each fifty chickens, have also been fed. After six weeks and up to seven weeks feed the following: Mix four parts of coarse cracked corn, two parts of fine cracked corn, one part of rolled oats, one-half of one part of millet, one-half of one part of broken rice, one part of grit and two parts of scraps.

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GETS A LIVING IN POULTRY

How a Woman Can Best Make a Small Plant Pay.

A correspondent asks: Can a woman make a living raising poultry? What might she combine with poultry to make a living? How learn about best arrangements of poultry houses?

The best way to secure immediate information in regard to paying breeds of poultry is to attend a good poultry show, talk with the breeders and visit the poultry department of agricultural colleges. Decide what branch of poultry culture you wish to take up, what your market pays best for and desires most, if eggs, what color of eggs, if poultry, what size, color of flesh, etc.; if white flesh is a disadvantage, if there are objections to black feathers or feathered shanks. When you have decided these points, investigate the different breeds and choose the one that is best suited to your requirements. Visit all the poultry plants in your section. You will learn as much what not to do from the poor ones as what to do from the good ones. No one but the owner knows whether his poultry is making him a living. Any breed will pay if there is a market for it, but it is better to start with the utility breeds and with but one variety.

The best arrangement for the poultry house largely depends on the location, materials at hand and the breed. A woman's poultry house should be built with a thought for convenience and ease in doing the work. Few women are strong enough to do all the work on a plant large enough to make a living on, but forethought in building will make it possible to do most of the work with an occasional day's help from a man or strong boy. She can learn more by a visit to a good practical plant and talking with practical men than in any other way.

Poultry Notes.

Far too many people start in the poultry business in a haphazard manner and as a result soon meet with discouragement and finally give up in disgust.

Eminently successful business men and women in other lines have shown childlike judgment when it came to embarking in the poultry business. Two things are necessary to success in poultry—experience and proper up-to-date equipment. Poultry raisers who stick to old-time methods are as far behind the times as the farmer who sticks to his scythe and sickle.

Don't attempt to catch ducks by their legs. It is safer to handle them by their necks.

A Valuable Watch.

Pele Mele.

"They say that Rockefeller is so rich that his fortune increases by a thousand francs every time his watch ticks."

"Good gracious! If I were he, I should be in a continual fright lest some one should steal my watch."

COWS ARE FED ON MOLASSES RATION

The question has been asked if it is advisable to feed molasses to dairy cows. This is best answered by referring to a series of experiments made several years ago by the Massachusetts experimental station. The cows were fed twice daily and watered by the aid of a self-watering device placed in each stall. The several grains were well mixed and fed in two equal portions daily. The molasses was weighed out, diluted with about an equal portion of water and well mixed with the dry grain. Each cow was weighed for three consecutive days at the beginning and each of each half of the experiment, the weighing being done in the afternoon before feeding and watering.

The milk of each cow was sampled twice daily for seven consecutive days in each week, and preserved with formalin in glass-stoppered bottles. The method of sampling consisted in slowly mixing the entire quantity of freshly drawn milk with a disk mixer and immediately removing a small dipperful.

The average ration consumed by each cow daily in pounds follows: Molasses ration—hay, 18.5; wheat bran, 3; cottonseed meal, 1; molasses, 3.8. Corn meal ration—Hay, 18.1; wheat bran, 3; cottonseed meal, 1; corn meal, 3.8. The basal rations were alike in each half of the trial, excepting that two cows ate slightly less hay while receiving the corn meal ration. All of the cows received daily four pounds of molasses, excepting one, which received three pounds.

The nutritive ratio of each ration was rather wide. The cows ate both rations clean and evidently would have consumed more, and it therefore appears that, other things being equal, the experiment ought to be considered a fair comparison of the relative effects of the two rations.

While receiving the molasses ration the six cows apparently made a slight gain in live weight. In case of the corn meal ration, the gain was more noticeable, although not pronounced.

Compared With Corn Meal.

It was not possible to observe any particularly favorable effect of the molasses on the general health and appearance of the animals, all of which were in uniformly good condition during the entire experiment. The faeces from those animals receiving the molasses ration had a noticeably dark color and were softer than from the animals to which the cornmeal ration was fed. If too large an amount of molasses is given at first, purging is apt to result. The station began with a pound daily and added small amounts every other day.

It is evident that the cornmeal ration produced substantially 9 per cent more milk and 11 and 13 per cent more total solids and milk fat than did the molasses ration.

The molasses appeared to have produced milk with slightly less fat and solids not fat. Whether this is to be attributed to the molasses is not clear, but is worthy of further study.

The figures show that the cornmeal ration produced a definite amount of milk and butter fat for less money than did the molasses ration. It is evident that it reuired from 6 to 10 per cent more dry matter and from 3 to 6 per cent more digestible matter to produce milk and butter with the molasses than with the cornmeal ration.

It has already been shown that a ton of cornmeal contains fertilizer ingredients which are approximately 10 per cent more valuable than those in molasses. Inasmuch as both rations were alike, excepting that one contained molasses and the other cornmeal, and that molasses constituted only 13 per cent of the dry matter of the ration, practically there would be no difference in the value of the resulting fertilizer ingredients.

A Summary of the Results.

Summarizing the results of this experiment, Bulletin No. 118 of the stations says:

1. Any particularly favorable effect of Porto Rico molasses upon the general health and appearance of the six milch cows employed in the above described experiment was not observed. The faeces from the molasses-fed animals were darker in color and softer than from those receiving the cornmeal ration.

2. A daily ration containing nearly four pounds of cornmeal produced some 10 per cent more milk and 11 to 13 per cent more total solids and fat than a similar basal ration containing a like amount of Porto Rico molasses.

3. The molasses ration seemed to produce milk with slightly less fat and solids not fat than did the cornmeal ration.

4. A like amount of milk and butter from the molasses ration cost 3 to 11 per cent more than from the cornmeal ration.

5. Molasses did not produce any unfavorable effect upon the flavor of the milk.

All things considered, there is not any advantage to be gained by northern farmers from the use of molasses as a food for dairy stock in place of cornmeal and similar carbohydrates. As an appetizer for cows out of condition, and for facilitating the disposal of unpalatable and inferior roughage and grain, two-thirds pound of molasses daily undoubtedly would prove helpful and economical.

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To represent one of the largest merchandise houses of its kind. You can easily make $40 to $60 a week associating yourself with us and looking after the sales of our large line of men's and ladies' made-to-measure clothing, waists, underwear, hosiery, etc. Great opportunity to establish yourself in a permanent and profitable business with a constantly increasing income, as well as represent a house you will be proud to work for. No experience necessary. Our selling plan is the easiest ever devised. Exclusive territory going fast, so write today. Act quick. Address: M. D. Good Co., Dept. T, 141-143 So. 5th ave., Chicago, Ill.

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BLADE PATTERNS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, O.

4616—Boys' Russian Dress—For a summer garment nothing quite equals the Russian suit for the little boy. It has the advantage that it may be made of any fabric, cotton or woolen, and the ordinary varieties of gingham are quite suitable, although linen is perhaps best of all. The pattern 4616 is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5245—Child's Dress—In this little frock we have the peasant shoulder well adapted to a child's style. The closing is in front near the left shoulder, and the very short skirt is gathered all around. Such a dress as this may be made of pongee, of gingham, lawn, and the like. The pattern 5245 is cut in sizes 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material and ⅝ of a yard of 18-inch all over, with 3 yards of braid to trim. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5183—Girls' Dress—A pretty little frock, with the princess panel in front while tucks trim the waist and pleats the skirt. It is a style which is suitable for challis, cashmere, gingham, lawn and similar materials. The neck may be left low or the yoke be made of embroidery or lace. The pattern 5183 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5102—Ladies House Dress—This graceful garment shows the peasant cut at the shoulder, but the seam in the back makes the style possible for narrow materials. The skirt has five gores and opens in front. Ginghams, cashmere and other fabrics may be used in making. The pattern 5102 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4672—A Plain Shirtwaist—For general utility this waist offers an excellent design. The closing is in front and there tucks at the shoulders. The back is entirely plain. Such materials as percale, Madras and gingham are appropriate for a waist of this character and also challis and taffeta silk. The pattern 4672 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5161—Ladies' Shirtwaist—This waist is quite novel, the line of closing being made with an ordinary hem, and lap instead of with a band. The other tucks in front provide a very little fullness, and those in the back make a central panel. The pattern 5161 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

2144—A Bust Supporter—This garment will be found an excellent substitute for the corset cover, and in some instances for the corsets. For the latter use it must of course be boned, and it is generally made of some strong material such as twilled jean, muslin or long cloth. The pattern 2144 is cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires ¾ of a yard of 36-inch material, with ¼ yard of 1 inch elastic. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4682—A Dressing Sacque—The dressing sacque is one of the most comfortable warm weather garments, and the dainty design herewith illustrated may be made of such thin fabrics as lawn, sateen, gingham and the like and also of challis and wash silk, with lace as the most appropriate trimming. The pattern 4682 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material, 3 yards of insertion and 3¼ yards of edging. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

4709—Nine Gore Skirt.—In this skirt we have a plain mode, the only adornment being the triple box pleat effect in front. The closing may be at the left of this or in the center of the back. Such fabrics as Panama, brilliantine, serge, cheviot, linen and the like are suitable for this style. The pattern (4790) is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches, waist measure. Medium size requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

5132—Plain Nine-Gore Skirt—A plain skirt is one of the necessaries of a woman's wardrobe and one like that illustrated is suitable for linen, pique, pongee, taffetas, serge, Panama and many other materials. It offers an excellent opportunity for the addition of hand embroidery around the bottom. The pattern (5132) is cut in sizes 22 to 36 inches, waist measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

I Mean What I Say

And I positively don't want you to send me a single solitary penny when you answer this announcement. Why? Because I am now introducing a new kind of Spectacle—my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles—the latest and most remarkable eyesight protectors and preservers the world has ever seen.

—These latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine will actually make a blind man see—of course, I don't mean one blind from birth, but blind on account of age.—

—These latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine will enable you to shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree-tops, plough in the field and drive on the brightest, hottest, sunniest days without any danger of your getting cataracts, chronic sore eyes, or granulated lids.—

—These latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting just as well as you ever did in your younger days, and at one and the same time they will also be protecting and preserving your eyes and be keeping them from getting weaker while doing it.—

And I therefore want you and every other spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a handsome ROLLED GOLD pair of these very remarkable and latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine without a single solitary cent of cost; and as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them whenever you have the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and latest ROLLED GOLD Spectacle offer. Address:—

DR. HAUX, Haux Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTE— The above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World and Perfectly Reliable

"Listen," he cried, "these are the words of a selfish child, who sees no more in the world than one vast playground. It cannot be possible that you have no sense whatever of the things beyond—the things which beauty only represents. I have seen you engrossed by pictures—the Madonna at the National Gallery, the Monk whose head you copied; the Huguenot who mocked death with the sword at his throat. You went out on the balcony alone last night; you were watching the stars; you turned your face to the breeze—I saw you close your eyes and listen to the music. Those things are the voices and the signposts of life. It is not possible that they speak to you in vain."

She wrested her hands from his and smoothed a red mark upon her wrist with soft, delicate fingers.

"I hate you when you are rough," she exclaimed petulantly, "and I haven't the least idea what you are talking about. The things which you have mentioned were all beautiful, and so, of course, I liked them. I wish you wouldn't get so terribly in earnest about nothing. It wearies me."

She moved towards the door. He made no effort to stop her. Sure of her retreat, she looked around upon the threshold.

"You seem dissatisfied with me, Powers," she said, readjusting one of her bracelets. "I am sorry, but I cannot help it. Don't you think it would be better if you left me alone. It would be much more comfortable for both of us. Good-by!"

Her bracelet came together at last. She looked up at him, nodded and left the room. The unuttered words died away upon his lips. The utter hopelessness of all protest laid an icy hold upon him. He heard her moving blithely up the stairs singing to herself.

To be Continued.

Goose as a Pet.

Country Life.

During a recent visit to Bridlington, writes a correspondent, I was much amused to come across a large goose that had been adopted as the pet of a small home in the older part of the town. It frequently followed its master on the pier and in the streets, and might often be seen waddling after him with slow, measured steps along the country lanes, sometimes walking eight and 10 miles at a stretch.

Two years ago the live goose was sent in November for the Christmas day dinner, a destiny which it has never fulfilled, as before a week had passed it had become the pet of the family, walking in and out of the house at its leisure. It now often takes its food from the children's hands at the dinner table and constantly perches on the man's shoulder as he sits and reads. The old bird is a popular favorite in Bridlington, where it is well known by the name of John Willie.

he asked hastily.

"I do not think so," she said deliberately. "I should not dream of marrying a poor man."

Her words were at once a relief and a shock to him.

"You do not care for him, then?"

She seemed to be weighing something up in her mind.

"I like being with him," she said. "There is the sense of familiarity I spoke of, and he is a very pleasant companion. But I should not think of marrying anyone who had not a good deal of money. It is so terribly important to be rich. Everything worth caring for at all is so expensive. And then there is Lord Winandermere."

"I wonder," he muttered, "have you any heart at all?"

Her old laugh rang out. She half looked round at him, and at the sight of his face, white with pain, laughed more merrily than ever.

"What a tragedy—and what a question! I don't suppose that I am very different from other girls in caring for the things worth having in life.

And the things worth having in life," he asked slowly—"what are they?"

She accepted the question seriously and moved across the room with a soft silken rustle, her brows slightly contracted in thought. Every movement was perfectly graceful, every trifling detail of her toilet seemed carefully and deliberately chosen toward a harmonious whole. To Powers for a moment the four walls of the room fell away. Once again he seemed to hear that bitter cry of hers in the wind-swept streets, where the hideous white lights were flashing and the men and women flitted along the rain-washed pavements like haunted creatures. This was his promise—the consummation of her desire. The echo of her cry beat again upon his ears.

"The things worth having in life," she murmured. "For a woman they seem so obvious. Unlimited power to possess beautiful things, to live amongst beautiful surroundings, to be free from pain, and to have pleasant people about one, who are always cheerful and gay. I really believe that that includes everything."

"What about marriage?" he asked.

"Oh, one must marry, I suppose," she answered carelessly. "Perfect liberty seems impossible without it. I should like my husband to be young and good-looking, and, of course, devoted to me."

"Do you ask nothing more from life than this?" he cried hoarsely.

She looked at him and laughed.

"Nothing! With these things granted, I should be perfectly happy."

"It is paganism, pure and simple," he muttered. She was unmoved—perfectly complacent.

"You can call it what you like," she answered. "It is good enough for me."

Her eyes, full of soft, tantalizing laughter, maddened him. He caught her by the wrists fiercely.

"Listen," he cried, "these are the words of a selfish child, who sees no more in the world than one vast playground. It cannot be possible that you have no sense whatever of the things beyond—the things which beauty only represents. I have seen you engrossed by pictures—the Madonna at the National Gallery, the Monk whose head you copied; the Huguenot who mocked death with the sword at his throat. You went out on the balcony alone last night; you were watching the stars; you turned your face to the breeze—I saw you close your eyes and listen to the music. Those things are the voices and the signposts of life. It is not possible that they speak to you in vain."

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A Valuable Watch.

Pele Mele.

"They say that Rockefeller is so rich that his fortune increases by a thousand francs every time his watch ticks."

"Good gracious! If I were he, I should be in a continual fright lest some one should steal my watch."

Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

TIGERS

I would like to have the Question Bureau please tell me where tigers are found.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

The tiger attains its full development in India, the Bengal variety being the largest and most typical. This animal can also be found in southern Siberia, Turkestan, Persia, Java, Sumatra, China and Japan, encountering a range of climate from tropical to sub-arctic conditions.

OHIO INSTITUTIONS

Please give a list of the hospitals, etc., supported by the state of Ohio, and the location of each.—V. L. E., Burnsville, N. C.

There are 17 state institutions, as follows: State hospitals at Athens, Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Longview, Toledo, the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics at Gallipolis, the deaf and dumb institution and the school for the blind at Columbus, Industrial Home for Girls at Delaware, the Industrial Home for Boys at Lancaster, homes at Xenia and Sandusky, a state penitentiary at Columbus and a state reformatory at Mansfield.

THE EVERGLADES

Please give a description of the Everglades of Florida in the columns of the Question Bureau.—H. P. A., Mill Spring, N. C.

The Everglades is a name given to a large shallow lake, or a low marshy tract of country in the southern part of Florida, about 160 miles long and 60 miles wide. The causes given for the present condition of the region are the depressions in the new formed lands and the incompleteness of the water channels. The region contains a large number of islands, some very small, others with an area of hundreds of acres, covered with grass, plants, trees, varying from the water vegetation to that of the uplands. A large portion of the land is vegetable accumulations several feet deep, with little or no clay impurities. At the present time large masses of peat in its first stages are being formed on account of the lake destruction taking place in some parts of the Everglades. The slow current of the sluggish streams keeps the water pure, and fish and game abound. In some places an effort is being made to reclaim the Everglades by artificial drainage or by clearing the natural channels.

PETRIFACTION

Please give an explanation of the petrified forests of Arizona—H. A. D., Newton, Ill.

The body of an animal or a person, or a fragment of wood, does not change directly into stone. The process is this: The word petrifaction is from the Latin words petra, a rock, a stone, and factum, to make. That is, "to make a stone of." Take, for instance, the petrified forests of Arizona. These great trees were covered, by some geologic change, with the sand and mud at the bottom of some primordial sea. The region was at one time volcanic, and these buried trees were subjected to water, probably hot, and loaded with silica in solution. Very slowly each part of the wood yielded to chemical changes and each part of wood was substituted by a particle of silica. It probably took ages to do it, but those trees are now solid silica—agate, in point of fact—still showing the rings of growth. Every particle of wood is gone, but replaced by stone exactly in form, though not in color.

There are certain springs whose waters are loaded with salts of lime, and if a twig be immersed in them for some time it will get a coating of lime. These are often called "petrifying springs," but the name is not correct. The process is practically the same as the coating of the interior of a teakettle with carbonate of lime, from boiling water. There have been instances where human bodies interred in wet graves, where the water is full of lime salts, undergo a partial change analogous to that in the petrified forest mentioned above.

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT

Please give a list of the justices of the United States supreme court. Also give the names of all the chief justices the court has had.—J. W. C., Carpenter, O.

The following have held the position of chief justice of the United States supreme court since 1789 to the present time: John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, Morrison R. Waite, Melville W. Fuller and Edward Douglas White. The chief justice is Edward D. White, of Louisiana, who was appointed associate justice in 1894 and chief justice in 1910. The associate justices are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; Joseph McKenna, of California, appointed in 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1902; William R. Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903; Horace Lurton, of Tennessee, appointed in 1909; Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia; Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming; Charles Hughes, of New York, all appointed in 1910.

U. S. SOLDIERS AS VOTERS

Are soldiers in the regular army of the United States prohibited from exercising the suffrage privilege?—J. W. P., Grantsville, W. Va.

The various states of the United States make laws which determine the voting qualifications of the citizens of that state. In some, the members of the United States regular army are denied the privilege of voting. The states which do this are as follows: Arkansas, Indiana, Iowa, New Mexico, Ohio, South Dakota and Texas.

BILL NYE

I would like to have you publish in the Question Bureau a brief biography of Bill Nye.—E. C., Calla, O.

Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye was born at Shirley, Me., August 25, 1850. He died February 22, 1896. Of Nye's ancestry it is well to quote what he has said on the subject, as follows: "The Nyes are proverbially reticent about their genealogy. Some of them claim to be of French extraction, and I have a cousin who says he is a descendant of Marshal Ney, that being the spelling of the family name in an early day. I had some curiosity a few years ago, and tried to learn all I could of this matter. I traced our people back to the European police courts and even beyond that, discovering at last, in France, our Coat of Arms, but I lost it from the line where it was airing last summer."

When Nye was little over two years old his parents moved to St. Croix county, in northern Wisconsin, where the boy received a thorough academical education, after completing which he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Chance threw in his way a position as reporter on an evening paper in Laramie City, Wyoming. This he held for a year, and then practiced law for some time, being a justice of the peace for six years. He also held other offices, among them that of postmaster of Laramie, his resignation of which, addressed to President Arthur, escaped from official hands at Washington, and finding its way into print, was copied, as he himself declares, "from Japan to South Africa and from Beersheba to a given point." Nye was never enamored of the law, and in the course of time drifted back into journalism, and as a special writer for current humorous literature, became especially successful. At one time his remuneration was but $1 a column, but, as he has told us, "the columns were short and the type large, and he was glad to get the dollar." In association with James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, Nye began in 1885 to give readings from his works, and this partnership proved highly successful. He lectured extensively throughout the United States and Canada, visited Europe, and in the meantime published several volumes of collected sketches. Mr. Nye married on March 7, 1877, Miss Clara Frances Smith, by whom he had two sons and two daughters.

DIVORCE LAW

Please tell in what states one can get a divorce by residing in the state for a period of only six months.—T. C. G., Lone Tree, W. Va.

States requiring six months for granting a divorce are Idaho, Nevada and Texas. In Georgia no residence is required, and in Louisiana and North Carolina the law makes no reference to the residence within the state that is required. In the state of New York actual residence is required.

SHEEP SKINS

Will you please give me a good method to tan sheepskins?—S. B., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

A good method to tn sheep's skins is to wash the pelts in warm water and remove all the fleshy matter from the inner surface; then clean the wool with soft soap and wash clean. When the pelt is perfectly free from all oily and fatty matter apply the following mixture to the flesh side: For each pelt take common salt and ground alum, ¼ pound each, and ½ ounce of borax; dissolve the whole in one quart of hot water, and, when sufficiently cool to bear the hand, add rye meal to make it like thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise, and let it remain two weeks in an airy and shady place; then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry scrape the flesh side with a crescent-shaped knife. The softness of the pelt depends much on the amount of the working it receives.

UNCLE SAM

Will you please explain in these columns how the term Uncle Sam came to be applied to the United States?—E. A. S., Southfield, Mass.

Uncle Sam originated from the letters U. S. stamped on government property. Immediately after the declaration of war with England, in 1812, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions. The inspectors of the articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (universally known as Uncle Sam) generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion were engaged in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." Their inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam, alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took among the workmen and in the army, and Uncle Sam, when present, was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. He died in Troy in 1853, at the age of 88 years.

PORTLAND CEMENT

Will you please tell something about Portland cement. When was it first made?—W. H. H., Cool Spring, Pa.

Portland cement was first made in England in 1824 and in the United States in 1878. Portland cement made in the United States is now as good as that produced in other countries. In making Portland cement two processes are used, the wet and the dry. In the wet process marls and clay are used; in the dry process, natural cement rock. The wet process plants are mostly in the marl section of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan; the dry plants in the limestone and shale regions of Indiana, Missouri, Virginia, eastern Pennsylvania and western New Jersey. The plants using the dry process quarry the stone, crush it in gyratory crushers, dry it in a mechanical drier, grind it finely in the ball or tube mills or in the mills of the centrifugal type, and burn it to a clinker in cylindrical rotary kilns. The clinker is cooled in cooling towers and ground to a fine powder in ball, tube or centrifugal mills. For burning the clinker, coal dust is generally used for fuel. The finely-ground clinker is then packed in barrels for the market. In the wet process the methods used differ only up to the burning of the clinker, and the differences are due to the nature of the materials, the clay and marl being ground together wet. Only 15 per cent of the United States product is made in the wet process.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

I wish the Question Bureau would please give a biography of J. Wilbur Chapman.—T. C., Hanover, Ill.

J. Wilbur Chapman, the American clergyman, was born in Richmond, Indiana, June 17, 1859. When he was 20 years of age he graduated from Lake Forest University, Illinois, and from the Lane Theological Seminary in 1882. After pastoral work in Albany and Philadelphia, and evangelistic work in all parts of the country, he became pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church in New York. He is a prolific writer of Sunday school and Christian Endeavor literature, of which the following are among his most recent titles: The Lost Crown, Spiritual Life of the Sunday School, The Surrendered Life, From Life to Life, Life and Work of D. L. Moody, Revivals and Missions, Day by Day, Man Who Said He Would.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I would like to have you give a history of the life of Theodore Roosevelt in the columns of the Question Bureau.—C. F. P., Linn, W. V.

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York October 27, 1858. After his graduation from Harvard in 1880, he traveled in Europe for a year. He was a member of the state assembly of New York from 1881 to 1884. In 1886 he was candidate for mayor of New York but was defeated. In 1889 he was appointed to the United States civil service commission by President Harrison. During his six years' incumbency he strictly endeavored to apply the test of merit to all executive positions, with the result that the commission assumed a position of importance it has never since lost, and the civil service law gained a new vitality. He resigned from the civil service commission to accept a position as president of the board of New York police commissioners. He entirely reorganized it. The members of the police force were appointed and promoted impartially. By his rigorous enforcement of the laws and ordinances he gave unwonted effectiveness to the office. In 1897 he resigned to become assistant secretary of the navy. Again he accomplished his work well. By his efforts appropriations of money were made for target practice. The marksmanship of the gunners was thus improved. In 1898 he resigned this office to enter the army. He assisted Leonard Wood in recruiting a regiment of cowboys. Roosevelt was second in command, but the regiment was known as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders." After leaving the army with the rank of colonel, he was elected governor of New York. In 1900 he was elected vice president. When McKinley was shot and when he died later, Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. He continued the policy of President McKinley and in 1904 he was elected President by a larger plurality than was ever received by any other candidate for that high office.

After his presidential term had ended Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting trip. He then returned to this country after visiting various other foreign nations, where he was royally received by the people and the rulers.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Will you please tell me something about the inventor of wireless telegraphy?—J. B. A., Cumberland, O.

Guglielmo Marconi, the Italian inventor and electrical engineer, was born September 23, 1875. He was educated at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and as early as 1890 undertook experiments in the demonstration of his theory that the electric current readily passes through any substance, and when started in a given direction follows a direct course without the assistance of any sort of a conductor. He invented an apparatus for wireless telegraphy which was successfully tested in England and Italy by Sir William Henry Preece. In 1899 he came to the United States, where he continued his experiments, and in the following year reported the presidential election by his method. By March 27, 1899, he had already sent messages across the English channel between two stations about 32 miles from each other. In December, 1901, he began his first experiments in sending messages across the ocean without wires. His station was at Signal Hill, in Newfoundland. The American Cable Co., which holds a monopoly from Newfoundland, compelled him to withdraw when his success became apparent by his receiving and distinguishing signals sent from Poldhu station, England. He then selected another station at Table Head, on the east of Glace bay, Capt Breton Island. In February, 1902, while on his way to this country in a steamship, he received signals at a distance of 2,099 miles and worded messages at a distance of 1,551.5 miles. On December 21, 1902, the first official transatlantic telegrams were sent from Table Head. Both England and Italy then introduced the Marconi system on their warships.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. P. T., Otway, O.—The Star of the West was commanded by Captain John McGowan.

An Intelligent Elephant.

In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with well-water by means of a pump, and an elephant usually performs this operation. Every morning he goes regularly to his task.

On one occasion, when one old fellow was engaged in pumping such a trough full of water, it was noticed by a passerby that one of the two tree-trunks that supported the trough at either end had rolled from its place, so that the trough began to empty itself before it was full. The elephant was closely watched to see whether he would discover that something was wrong. The animal showed signs of perplexity, but, as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued pumping.

Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass out, he left the pump-handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping, and three times he examined the trough. Soon a lively flapping of the ears indicated the dawning of light.

He went and smelled the tree trunk that had rolled from under the trough. For a moment it looked as if he were going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as soon became apparent, the end that ran over which disturbed him, but the end which he found it impossible to fill.

Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump and completed his task.

How Birds Keep Warm.

Detroit Free Press.

The high temperature of birds enables them to resist cold more effectively than they could otherwise do. Whereas blood heat in man is 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit it is 101 degrees in the domestic fowl and more in some other birds.

Nevertheless they feel the cold cruelly, as you may see any frosty night if you visit an ivy creeper clad wall with a lantern; the sparrows nestle together in a closely packed mass, and if there be a chimney you may be sure the birds will have chosen its exterior as their roosting place for the sake of such warmth as it may give.

Oxen in Lumber Camps.

St. Paul Dispatch.

After nearly 50 years' retirement from active service the ox has again come into recognition as a motive power in the lumbering industry of northern Minnesota, northern Wisconsin and among the frontier settlers of these states. The reason is the high price of feed for horses.

There is little or no expense for the "keep" of oxen as compared with that of horses. It is estimated that there are now in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota 2,000 yoke of oxen used in hauling logs which have replaced high priced horses. This is nearly double the number employed a year ago. So satisfactory are these animals proving in the cultivation of land from which the timber has been cut that it is likely their use will become general and remain so for many years.

Costumes of Fish Skins.

London Globe.

Among the most wonderful garments worn at the present day are the curious fish skin dresses of the wealthy women of the Gold tribe, lying along the Amur river, East Siberia. Though they can neither read nor write, these people are producing astonishing ornaments, designs and embroidery work.

The dress is composed of several layers of fish skin, the undermost representing the skin of the garment proper, the uppermost showing the ornaments in their cut out forms. Between these two layers is inserted a middle layer, which serves as a background, throwing out distinctly all parts of the ornaments. The pieces of fish skin forming the ornaments are generally colored blue. The front and back of the dress is adorned with these cut-out pieces of fish skin sewed with fish skin thread.

Vast Power Going to Waste

STEADILY and rapidly, the world is increasing its use of water power which has been going to waste. Every year sees more streams harnessed, more electricity generated by turbine water wheels and carried by wires to the points where it can be used to the best advantage.

This adaptation of the energy of streams plunging down out of mountains and hills to the needs of distant cities is having almost revolutionary effects upon the industries of many lands. It is especially important where fuel is scarce and costly.

Norway's manufactures are fast multiplying through the utilization of water power, which was not available until it was discovered that it could be carried by electricity to distant cities and towns. In Italy the impulse which has been given to the industrial progress of districts near the Alps and the Appenines by the use of the turbine wheel and the electric cable has been one of the most remarkable economic changes of recent years.

Such object lessons direct attention, more and more, to the vast possibilities of sources of power which go practically untouched. The dreams of inventors turn, again and again, to the ocean tides, the surf, the winds of wide regions where the air is usually in motion and there are few windmills or none at all. And beyond the tides and the winds and the heat of the sun poured down out of cloudless skies, almost every day in the year, in some parts of the earth, like the unceasing heat of the sun's energy upon the earth, a wave motion not identified with the heat we feel.

In Bombay, India, for example, a company has been organized with $6,000,000 capital to develop a small fraction of the water power now going to waste in the mountains less than 100 miles from that city. It is proposed to construct reservoirs sufficient to store water for the long season when there is little or no rain in these mountains, and let it run at the desired rate throughout the year. For about three months the rainfall is extremely heavy on top of the range, averaging from three to six times that of a full year in Ohio.

The fall from the summit to the lowlands is favorable for enormous water power, because many of the mountain torrents plunge almost straight down for 2,000 feet. The pressure on wheels at the foot of the mountains will be tremendous.

This use of waterfalls is expected to change more than 100 cotton mills from steam to electricity generated by water power. It will multiply the industries and increase the productiveness of a very populous and important district.

This is one instance of many which might be given of the increasing use of water power transmitted by electricity. South America is rich in similar possibilities. Africa will yet contain many important power plants of the same kind. Canada has an enormous amount of water running to waste which might be used for industrial purposes.

But all such power from streams would be dwarfed into comparative nothingness if a way were discovered to use the current of the tides, even in one bay or channel out of fifty along the coasts of industrial countries. The flow and ebb of these vast ocean movements represent a force which staggers the mind when efforts are made to calculate it with precision.

Another enormous source of power which is not utilized is the rush of the surf upon shores where it almost always thunders in, day and night, throughout the year. There is vast energy in the waves that burst upon any mile of a coast where the breakers are usually high and heavy.

Man will not always watch such sources of power run to waste. He will yet add all or a part of this unused energy to the forces he has already harnessed for his enrichment and advantage.

A 70-Mile Fox Chase.

Pinehurst Cor. Raleigh Times.

"I notice a good deal of comment on a 60-mile two-day fox hunt in Pennsylvania," remarked a fox hunter, "which reminds me that we covered more than 70 miles here recently in a single day, and what is more, we got the fox.

"First of all we rode not less than 15 miles and back 30 miles. In the workout we covered not less than 12 miles, and in the four-hour chase, red hot every minute, surely 30 miles more, a total of not less than 72 miles.

"Personally I believe it to be one of the most remarkable runs on record."

Get this Genuine Alectride Tool Grinder on Free Trial

Harman Supply Co., 160 Harrison St., Dept 4533 Chicago
Please send me free and prepaid booklets explaining your free trial offer of your Alectride Tool Grinder.
Name .....
Address .....
No letter necessary; merely send the coupon.

Sharpen your tools at my expense. I want to show you that the ancient grindstone is a back number and that the emery wheel is a menace. I want you to try positively free this genuine Alectride Farm Tool Grinder. Alectride is the only true abrasive. It will not draw the temper from steel; it will sharpen the dullest tool in from 3 to 5 minutes, when the grindstone would take half an hour. Alectride never wears out. It does not glaze over. I want to send a few of these machines out on Free Trial in every part of the United States. I want to put one in every locality. I want you to clip off and send the coupon at the upper right hand corner of this announcement and I will mail at once circulars explaining every detail of the offer I am making here.

I Don't Want You to Send Me a Cent of Your Money. I Don't Want Any Promise

I merely want to place this Genuine Alectride Grinder on your farm for a few days. Sharpen your dull axe, your dull scythe, your dull oven knives, your dull cold chisels, or hatchet, or any dull tool you have. See how quickly and how easily it is done. See how Alectride made of the substance of precious stones sharpens your tools in from one-fourth to one-twenty-fifth of the time required by a grindstone and does not heat nor draw the temper. Do all this—give this machine the most severe tests—then unless you think that you positively cannot get along without this Alectride Tool Grinder, send it back at our expense. We'll ask no questions. We'll take it back without a word, and we'll pay the transportation charges. Now send the coupon. Let us tell you all about this wonderful abrasive and our free trial offer.

Remember—Alectride is really manufactured precious stones. It is even harder than the hardest diamond. Alectride will scratch a diamond and cut glass like a knife cuts an apple. Send the coupon today and get full explanation of our Great 10 Day Free Trial Offer. Do this now. Do not delay.

Harman Supply Co., 160 Harrison St., Dept. 4533, Chicago, Ill.

10 MACHINES IN 1

1 One Sickle Grinder Wheel (Improved)
2 One Fine Grinding Wheel (Improved)
3 One Coarse Grinding Wheel (Improved)
4 One Harman Special Oil Stone (Improved)
5 One Saw Gummer (Improved)
6 One Sickle Holding Attachment
7 One Scythe Stone (New)
8 One Harmon Special Razor Hone (New)
9 One Disc Grinding Attachment (New)
10 One Tool Rest

Eyes Cured

Without the Knife

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 6411 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

FREE. This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 6411 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

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Marvel For Any Superfluous Hair

The Free Trial of Elec-tro-la Will Surprise You.

Elec-tro-la is the remarkable new hair-remover which does more than merely kill the surface hair. It goes to the hair roots, destroys them absolutely and forever.

Besides this, Elec-tro-la, instead of burning or reddening the skin as other hair-removers do, leaves the skin fresh and soft, so nobody can ever tell you have been using anything. Whether the superfluous hair is of light or heavy growth, Elec-tro-la will destroy it immediately and permanently.

Even light fuzz makes a woman look course. Heavy growth is humiliating, and is Cupid's worst enemy.

Make your face, arms, hands, shoulders, neck and bust look clean and exquisite by using Elec-tro-la.

The regular price is $1.00 a bottle. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Just send coupon below, with name and address, together with 2c stamp to pay for postage, for a free trial package of Elec-tro-la to prove what it will do.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

KO-REC-TIV CO.,
5105 State St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me by return mail a free trial package of your wonderful Elec-tro-la for getting rid of any hair permanently. I enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. 5062.

Name .....
Street No. .....
City..... State.....

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.

Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

A Good Sign.

Punch.

Small Boy—"If you please, sir, may we have an extra half-holiday this afternoon?"

Headmaster—"Why?"

Small Boy—"Well—sir—we—thought you might feel like it, sir—as you were singing in your bath this morning!"

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR SALE—13-room Grau hotel, cor. Front and Main sts., Toledo; buffet and cafe in connection, doing a good business; fine proposition; investigate. Inq. Chas. Grau, Front and Main sts., Toledo, O.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A newspaper and printing office in Ohio doing a cash business of over $5,000 net profit per year, will be sold for invoice, $15,000. Will take clear farm or city property up to $10,000, balance long time, easy terms. Address G. P. C., care Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

$5,000 to $10,000 Per Year in the Real Estate Business. I will teach you how, and make you my special representative. Send for my Big Free Book. Herbert Hurd, Pres., 849 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS.

PATENTS. "Facts inventors should know before applying for patent." Sent for 2 cent stamp. A. S. PATTISON, 628 F. St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

500 MEN, 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address RAILWAY, X-533, 203 DWIGHT BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

HELP WANTED.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED. Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big-paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address F. R. MARDEN, Pres. THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REAL ESTATE COMPANY, L 508, Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks, government stenographers and bookkeepers. Thousands of appointments coming. Average salary about $1,100. No "layoffs." Short hours. Annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Political influence not needed. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of spring examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dept. H-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS wanted to sell our beautiful floral wall mottoes with scripture text. Write for terms. Frank M. Shilling Co., Navarre, Ohio.

FOR SALE—FARMS

125 Acres, $4,000; Part Cash; Stock and Tools Included.

Sec. Wilson of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture said after inspecting farms in Madison county, N. Y.: "Hereafter when a young man with a few hundred dollars asks where he can engage in farming to the best advantage I shall ask he be directed to the possibilities existing throughout New York state." This fine farm is located in the district to which the secretary refers; cuts 50 tons hay, pastures 20 cows, cuts 700 cords wood, 2-story, 8-room house, big barn, silo, several other outbuildings, fine maple shade, only two miles to creamery, near neighbors, schools, mail delivered; owner going away; includes horse, 13 cows, 4 heifers, bull, 3 calves, 2 shoats, 60 hens, all farming machinery and small tools; price for everything only $4,000, part cash. Full details and traveling directions to see this and hundreds of other profit-paying farms from $1,000 up, many with live stock, machinery and tools included, page 16 "Strout's Farm Catalogue 34," the biggest and best farm catalogue ever issued; gives details regarding climate, soil, railroads, markets, schools, crops raised, etc., in all the best farming districts of Ohio, Michigan and the east, just out, copy free. Station 105, E. A. Strout, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Government Farms Free—Official, April, 1911, "The Homeseeker," describes every acre in every county in United States. Contains township plats, showing land open for entry, rainfall maps, homestead, desert, stone, other land laws, also 320-acre homestead law 1909 and 1910, residence on land not required in some states, all about irrigated land, information regarding national forests and Indian reservation openings. Price 25c postpaid. Address Homeseeker Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

FOR SALE—Pope 7-passenger touring car, new tires, newly painted, fully equipped; $600 for quick sale. Collingwood Garage, Toledo, Ohio.

Live a Little.

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;
Smile a little, while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.
Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little if a heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—
Give a little, live a little, love a little more. —Douglas Malloch.

A New Stomach

Stuarts' Dyspepsia Tablets Restore Lifeless Organs to Normal Condition.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Many a sufferer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and kindred ailments of the digestive organs carries around an absolutely useless stomach—a dead load and a cesspool for ever-increasing disorders. The muscles are seemingly worn out, the mucous lining has lost

its secretive power, and food taken into the stomach lies there and ferments, causing sour eructations, belchings, heartburn, dizziness, and other distressing conditions. Many sufferers have given up in despair until they have been induced by some interested friend to try a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are the dyspeptic's sure and only hope. They are a natural restorative of healthy action to the stomach and small intestines, because they supply just the elements that the weak stomach lacks—pepsin, golden seal and other digestives.

If you are afflicted with any of the symptoms above described, be assured that your digestive organs are losing power;—they need help and there is no more sensible help to be given them than to supply elements which will do the work of digestion for them.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been found by the test of reputable physicians in the United States and Great Britain to have remarkable digestive powers, one grain of the active principle of these tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of ordinary food. It is plain that no matter what the condition of your stomach, or how far your disease has progressed, one only of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken at meal time will do the work—give your stomach an opportunity to regain its lost powers, the muscles will be strengthened, the glands invigorated, and you will be a new man.

It costs nothing to prove the effectiveness of this cure. Send for a free sample package today. F. A. Stuart Co., 332 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents a box.

AGENTS $3 a Day

NEW PATENTED LOCKSTITCH AWL

Sews Shoes, Harness, Buggy Tops, Canvas, Grain Bags, Anything. Sells at sight. Astonishing low price to agents. Big profits. To show it means a sale. We want a few good, live hustlers in each county. Splendid opportunity to make big money. No experience needed. Write quick—now—for terms. A postal will do. Send no money. A. MATHEWS, 6075 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

50c Package Free

Every Woman Suffering With Any Form of Female Weakness or Piles Should Send Name and Address Today for a 50c Package and Illustrated Booklet Mailed Free.

This remedy is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has relieved so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the treatment of female diseases, such as Leucorrhoea (whites), irregularities, inflammation, and congestion of the womb, ulceration of the vagina, hot flashes and nervousness. Also piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write us now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can treat themselves at home without the aid of a physician. Do not delay. Send coupon today.

Free 50c Box Coupon

This coupon is good for a full sized regular 50 cent package of our Home Treatment and illustrated booklet. Just fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail at once to The Miller Co., 661 Miller Bldg., Kokomo, Ind., and you will receive the remedy in plain package by return mail.

Name .....
Street .....
City..... State.....

Hope For Consumptives

We have a message of cheer for consumptives and lung sufferers—many of whom may have given up hope of ever being well and happy again. Look, listen and learn—this testimony should stir you into action.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the present age."

DR. W. H. KNIGHT,
East Saugus, Mass.

J. A. Ward, M. D., Willing To Make Oath

Gentlemen:—

Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefit of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.

I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.

Once the remedy becomes generally known there will be but little trouble disposing of it.

You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said nothing in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.

Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by LLOYD CHEMICAL CORP., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.

The above case was far advanced in the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of menopause, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.

I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with any forms of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.

Very respectfully,
G. W HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill.

We consider Aicsol (Lloyd) the greatest treatment of the century—entirely different from any other treatment now in existence; the most startling addition to medical science since Jenner isolated vaccine virus.

Listen and be convinced. Many patients begin its use when suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, constipation, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted bodies, loss of hope and strength, full of despair. Aren't these terribly true symptoms of dreaded consumption?

When these same patients, after a few months' use of Aicsol (Lloyd), report that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, have not an ache or pain, happy, full of praise for this marvelous treatment, it's time for you to be interested. The sworn testimony of just such remarkable results with names and addresses of these patients will be sent you. If you are not sick, cut out this ad, and send to some sufferer, or send us the name of such sufferers. All correspondence strictly confidential. Tomorrow is just so much time lost. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY AND SIMPLY SAY:—SEND ME PROOF. ACT NOW by addressing LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 600 LLOYD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, M

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Gentle Spring

Spring is one of the extremely delightful seasons of the year. It is the period of young life, fresh hopes and reawakened ambitions and aspirations. But to get out of this season all the good there is in it we must be alive to every opportunity that presents itself. In this connection The Blade desires to call attention to its advertising columns. Readers are cautioned against running the risk of missing an opportunity by neglecting the advertising features of the paper. When opportunity knocks at the door do not turn over and go to sleep again.

The loafer's idea of pleasure is to watch other men work.

If all dreams came true, people would soon quit eating mince pie.

There is hope for a nation that is too busy becoming civilized to go to war.

It wouldn't seem fair to tax bachelors and let the young widowers escape.

They have about everything on the latest ocean liners but baseball grounds.

"Do it now" is a good motto for grown persons, but children prefer "Wait a minute."

The population of India is 315,000,000, an increase of 20,500,000 since 1901. No race suicide there.

Holland produces 142,000 pounds of butter a year. Enough to butter both sides of her bread.

Mr. Roosevelt is not enthusiastic for the recall, but he is willing that Arizona should be the dog to try it on.

"Convicts are not the worst men," says a Chicago preacher. Still, there are a lot of good men out of prison.

Postal savings banks seem destined to disappoint the pessimists who argued that they would be a failure.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, has been asked to resign, but he can argue that he is too old for anything of that kind.

Before complaining of the high cost of living it might be well to think of the million Chinese who are starving.

J. Hamilton Lewis says Socrates also had pink whiskers. Yes, but don't forget what the jury did to him.

There is a $1,500 job in New York waiting for the man who can talk in eleven languages. Don't all speak at once.

A lady who walked from New York to Florida lost 40 pounds of flesh on the way, but she isn't going back after it.

When they get to photographing human thought there will be a lot of hustling to keep out of range of the camera.

Our idea of a genuine pessimist is the novel reader who is afraid the hero won't come out all right in the last chapter.

Maxim says that aeroplanes will be used to transport armies in the future. But it will be a long fly from Japan to San Francisco.

The Rev. Dr. Aked says Noah's flood was a myth. But he can't deny that there was a spring freshet in the valley of the Euphrates.

"The worm which remains in the shell is always a worm," says Laura Jean Libbey. And you can't make a butterfly out of oleomargarine.

A Wisconsin town placed an annual tax of $6 on bachelors, but that's about as far as it can go. Under the Declaration of Independence it can't muzzle them.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, the English suffragette, argued a St. Louis lawyer into a corner and made him admit that he was defeated. He didn't even claim that he had been drugged.

A Chicago doctor thinks that everyone should have his vermiform appendix removed. Who will be the first legislator to introduce a bill making the removal of vermiform appendices compulsory?

Consul S. S. Knabenshue says he has seen Chinese mules in Peking streets that would compare very well with the best Missouri or Kentucky mules. Then China must be in better shape for war than has been generally supposed.

The only woman member of the Norwegian parliament addressed the assembly for the first time the other day. Inasmuch as she is unmarried and doesn't wear whiskers, it seems eminently proper to refer to it as her maiden speech.

THE PAST AND THE MORROW.

The Ohioan is largely engaged at present with the expression of his dissatisfaction with public affairs, with slow-moving progress, with dull-witted, muddle-headed officials, with other grievances touching his interest in life and his impatience for realized hopes and desires. One perceives the legislature wrangling over petty matters for days and swinging back to issues of importance for only a few grudged hours. The wider ambitions of an executive interfere with the discharge of duties at hand. There are matters of relationship between investment and labor to settle, the disposal of outworn institutions to consider, ventures in government to make, a broader distribution of material happiness to undertake—a thousand problems raised argued awhile and left unsolved.

Every state has its packet of difficulties. Dissatisfaction is one of the products of the form of enlightenment that is striking upon the minds of men today. As they see more clearly, they are less pleased with what they see. Out of the discontent must come betterment. But it is worth while to pause at times in the consideration of evils beside us and contemplate the things which have been done.

The making of Ohio was the task of strong men. The land was no haven of rest. It was truly a wilderness and the beginnings had to be made by the expenditure of physical energy, the exercise of the highest mental faculties, the sacrifice of self, of luxury, of life. Every child in Ohio should know that what was creditable in one wor was nearly all of it performed within these borders. The boundary of the United States would have been at the east bank of the Maumee river had vacillating statesmen far from the scene been permitted to write the final decision. To a second war Ohio sent more than 300,000 soldiers. The constitution she wrote for herself was so admirably suited to the times that newer states copied it almost word for word. Her sons and daughters peopled the west, the fitting offspring of pioneers. Her exceptional men have found high place and respect in the world. Today the state, fermenting as she is with internal discontent, is a star of unity to other commonwealths which have made less advance.

The past of Ohio promises her future. One cannot think of it and be other than proud and hopeful.

COUNTY FAIRS.

The United States department of agriculture has issued a bulletin explaining just what the county fair should be and what it shouldn't be. The department believes that the full value of annual fairs has not been developed. It praises some of the features and considers that others, maintained mostly through the good-nature and tolerance of the managements, could be done away with with distinct improvement in tone and general results.

It is suggested that the agricultural schools and experiment stations should be brought into closer relation with the fairs. New movements in farming could there be explained and demonstrated. Prizes should not alone be provided for exhibits, but each award should be accompanied by an explanation of just why the award was made. Contests in crop production and in animal breeding and feeding ought to be put upon the highest plane. The department approves trials of skill, acrobatic and sleight-of-hand performances, exhibitions of trained animals, moving pictures, the merry-go-round, military drill, games of ball, foot-races, balloon ascensions and similar entertainments, but looks with high disfavor upon gambling, the sale of nostrums and the display of monstrocities—saying that there should be nothing that "the most refined and modest woman might not see or hear."

The county fair is conducted largely according to rules of tradition and custom. Unquestionably the full possibilities of the institution have never been plumbed. There is work and honor here for the most intelligent and energetic of farming people.

CONTENTMENT.

A British vessel sent out on a prowling expedition to look for islands down upon the charts, but so seldom seen as to have a questionable existence among navigators, touched at Macquarie, 50 miles south of New Zealand. There it found one MacKibben, an Irish sailor, who was living all alone. He kept his hut warm with coal fetched from an outcrop four miles away. He fed upon fish, oysters and the oily flesh of penguins. When MacKibben was asked if he didn't want to come away, he looked surprised, saying:

"Why should I? I'm happy enough here and I have all I want. I'm glad to have seen you, but I don't want to leave the island."

Contentment is a rare and blessed thing, to be prized highly and guarded jealously when discovered. Poets tell us it is oftener to be found in the simple homes of peasants than in the courts of kings. And here is an Irish sailor, gleaning comfort in loneliness, interest from seabirds and solace in the company of whining winds. He was a true philosopher—satisfied with the contentment at hand and doubtful of the possibilities of finding it in larger quantities just over the horizon.

WINTER FREIGHT.

The car ferries and the little boats which brave the ice to keep the islanders fed and supplied with news of the world don't attract much attention until something happens to them. They just keep bucking away at the floes all winter, making the best of the snarling winds and accepting an accident to machinery with no more than a reasonable amount of screaming for help.

The latest report on the internal commerce of the United States shows that these craft make a very appreciable showing in freight. In the month of January alone the shipments of flour totaled 31,892 tons. Those of grain were 42,528 tons, of coal 65,210 tons, of which only 7,484 tons were for the use of the vessels. There was some ore moving and nearly 15,000 feet of lumber were handled. The unclasified freight ran up to the respectable total of 140,242 tons.

The underwriters say when navigation shall close officially. They don't undertake to stop commerce.

CONCERNING GOOBERS.

The peanut is one of the weapons the south uses for getting even with the north for ancient grudges. For while the south raises peanuts it does not feed upon them, sending them to the north, where they serve to keep the caretaker of baseball grounds in a state of irritation. When circuses travel in the south they give the peanut roasters a rest and load up with popcorn, that substitute for food appealing to the taste of and the hunks of it fitting the mouths of southerners.

The department of agriculture has recently issued a treatise on the peanut, deciding that a crop having an annual value of $12,000,000 is worth writing a whole lot about. It appears that the "goober" was imported from Brazil in the colonial days of America. It received little consideration until about 1897. Then it suddenly leaped into wide popularity. The growth was stimulated. Experiments were made at improvement and the makers of agricultural machinery set their experts at work devising labor-saving machinery. The peanut of commerce of today is a far better article than that of 1870. There are now patent planters, cultivators, diggers and shellers where the labor was once performed with stooping back and aching fingers.

There are better times ahead for the industry, the department thinks. As a market for confectionery grows so does that for peanuts. Farmers find it makes good feed for stock, vines and all. No doubt, too, peanut butter becomes more endurable among vegetarians and, if the popular magazines give a true hint of it, vegetarianism is spreading.

AN OFFENDER.

The principal of a school in New York city is in a heap of trouble. He is an amorous type, supposed to be very much out of place in educational work. He was hauled up before the board of education the other day, tried and found guilty of kissing young women teachers in his school. The punishment handed down was the fine for four months' pay.

The judgment of the board of education was, of course, final. But that is no reason why the general public should decide that the sentence was fair and just. It may be that the members of the board were a lot of blind old codgers who had lost ability to take the measure of the temptation into consideration. The good looks of school teachers are a part of American tradition. The fact is responsible for the common phrase "pretty school-ma'am." If the principal was a normal man he wanted to kiss the teachers. To think that he didn't would be to think him unusual. But he was weak. The wish was stronger than the power to obey the rules of propriety. That is a very bad thing in a school principal. It won't do at all. Besides it is inimical to discipline.

A SIAMESE PUZZLE.

A very delicate point of law is now before the judiciary of Berlin. It concerns the compulsion of an officer of the courts to do his duty and at the same time a case of false imprisonment.

Two sisters named Biazek are inseparably united as were the Siamese twins. A judgment was handed down against one of them because of breach of contract and an order was made out for her arrest. The officer bearing the warrant performed his duty as he saw it. He took the lady off to jail.

But in doing so he took along the sister, against whom no complaint had been made, who was an entirely innocent party and who claimed her constitutional rights to freedom of action. In Prussia imprisonment without cause is almost unheard of. It is looked upon as an infamous outrage. Yet—as the officer plaintively protests—what was he to do in the instance?

That is for the shining lights of the German bar to decide. Will they hand down a solemn opinion to the effect that the sisters are one, not two? But that would fly in the face of obvious facts. Anyone could see they were two and swear to it. The nut is a tough one to crack, but let us not worry. Even in Germany there are probably judges who could explain in minute detail that an automobile was not a motor car.

PREMIUM LACE CURTAINS FOR APRIL.

We have mailed this week, to all subscribers whose time expires in April, a liberal proposition for renewal, provided the proposition is accepted during April.

We are using more lace curtains for premiums this season than ever before. This is because all who sent us clubs of ten one year ago, are doing the same this year. And the majority of those who sent us clubs of four one year ago, are making their clubs ten this year.

A WHALER'S DEATH.

The whaling industry upon which the prosperity of a few New England ports was once founded is supposed to have passed away. No more does the odor of whale oil give peculiar flavor to an entire township. No longer are pompous rectangular mansions pointed out as "whale fortunes." The day is gone when sailors in from three-year voyages spent their shares in a week or two and blithely signed on again for other such terms of danger and toil.

Yet whales are still pursued and the pursuit is not all by steamers with outfits of harpoon guns, patent trying-out vats and safety devices for the boat crews. Word has come in a round-about way to Provincetown, which is on the tip of Cape Cod, that the mate of a whaler, hailing from that port, had been drowned while making a strike. He had "flung the iron," had seen "her sink to the hitches," and then he'd been drawn overboard in a twist of the line. In the excitement of the cast he had made a fatal step into the coil, been caught and in the twinkling of an eye, whipped from the boat. He was never seen again.

It is a frightful way to die, yet we know from the stories they told and the observations they made that the old-time whalers beheld merit and honor in such a way to death. They said they preferred to die like men in the moment of triumph and high tension than slowly and weakly upon a bed ashore and, since we remember them to have been men, every inch of them, their preference commands respect.

UNGRATEFUL.

Governor Dix, of New York, expressed a very poor opinion of non-voters on the occasion of a dinner given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

"Let me say to you with all bluntness and plainness of speech," said the governor, "that if self-government is ever adjudged a failure in our state and nation, the responsibility will lie with our so-called best citizens, who hold aloof from public affairs and think themselves too good to interest themselves in matters of politics and government."

The vote of four parties in New York, in 1908, was 1,598,656. That in 1910, when Dix was elected, was 1,406,998. Voters to the number of 191,658 refrained from going to the polls last fall. The Republican plurality in 1908 was 202,602. The Democratic plurality of 1910 was 67,401. Mr. Dix owes his election not to a comparatively trivial gain of 22,232 Democratic votes, but to nearly 200,000 electors who were too busy, too lazy, too puzzled or too irritated to express their preferences officially.

It is plain that simple, ordinary gratitude is no part of Governor Dix's list of emotions.

THE VERIFORMLESS.

A doctor, speaking in Chicago, declared that the vermiform appendix was a snare, a death trap, "tricky and treacherous," and ought to be removed from each and every anatomy without waiting the tell-tale pangs which spell a hurry-up call for the ambulance and bewilderment as to how the surgeon's fee is going to be paid.

The idea suggests a form of compulsory enlistment—conscript armies taking their turns in the hospitals, men and women subject to inspection as to scars and other credentials, calls to the colors to force the recalcitrant into the operating rooms, tearful reunions, of old comrades who served in the same wards and the voting of pensions to those in whose interiors still remain disturbing gauze, a pair of scissors, or a ring which has slipped from an operator's finger.

The trouble about removing the appendix vermiformis from the whole human race is that it might lead to agitation for the elimination of other relics of pre-Adamic days. Some one has traced the ductless glands, which occasionally set up a battery of baffling ills, to the mollusk. The value of the sebaceous glands to people in temperate climates has been questioned. The hair, sometimes described as a glory, might stand poorly in a convention of extreme advocates of sanitation, particularly if the delegates were bald.

After all—the Chicago physician may be wrong. The vermiform appendix may have a use in the process of digestion which the students have not discovered. It would be a pitiful thing if humanity were to give up a possession which could make a Sunday dinner less a strain.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS WILL DO

Mr. Taft's message to the extra session of congress, it is said, will be short and simple and to the point, asking the passage of the reciprocity treaty, the proper establishment of the tariff board and action upon such recommendations and findings as the tariff board shall present.

But, of course, this is not all that congress will do. The Democrats will have control of the house of representatives and it will be their aim and ambition to make the best possible impression upon the country while the country entertains a hearty curiosity about them. So far no program has been decided upon. In spite of long discussion, the suggestions of embittered leaders to overhaul the Roosevelt administration, the Baltimore meeting, the trials of strength between the old-line Democrats and those of Bryan affiliations and sympathies, no definite set of tenets and purposes has been laid down. Crystallization may come during the caucus to be held before the meeting of congress, but the signs point the other way. The differences between the groups which hold the Cleveland heritage and new elements which are pleased to call themselves progressive Democrats may never be overcome. Realizing this, the Democrats are very likely to hit upon a scheme of compromise, avoid any show of clashing opinions, agree upon a course sufficient unto the session, serving only the immediate requirements, and leave the inevitable struggle of factions for the future to deal with. The impression then that the Democrats will make may be pleasant, but yet, when analyzed, prove exceedingly foggy.

WHAT MAKES A GIANT?

A French doctor who made anatomical examinations of the bodies of unusually tall persons found that what is known as the pituitary body located in the brain was, in all cases, excessively enlarged. This is ordinarily about the size of a grape. In the brains of giants it was sometimes as big as an orange. He cautiously put forth the suggestion that the secretions of this gland may control growth. When abnormally active, giants were produced. Entirely inactive, dwarfing resulted.

Recently this interesting theory has been taken up and elaborated. A London physician predicted that science will some day bring growth under human control, either by regulating the work of the pituitary gland or by extricating the essence of growth from the brains of animals. It is a very inviting idea, a sharp spur to the imagination. Yet, so far as the doctors really know, the enlarged pituitary gland is merely associated with giantism. They cannot say for certain that the more active gland is the cause. Giants have enormous kneecaps. They have usually very little vitality. They are stupid and childish. Is it reasonable to say that projecting knees, a weak constitution, or a habit of whining, makes a man or a woman a giant? Until absolute facts are obtained the influence of the pituitary gland upon growth is but an entertaining theory. The deduction is like that a creature from Mars might draw, who, seeing hats upon the heads of human beings, gathers the idea that hats lay heads.

A MILITARY SPORT.

There is a story of a military spy who hit upon the idea of equipping pigeons with minute cameras and flying the birds over a fortification. The cameras were admirably timed, the negatives were exposed, the plates developed and enlargements made from them. The pictures were puzzling. They showed nothing that the spy had expected to discover. He set out cautiously for the explanation and learned that he could have walked across the garrison parade ground, pried into every corner and snapped a camera with brazonness and never have been questioned or bothered in the least.

Military secrets are scarcely any such thing, in spite of the thunderous demands of Senator La Follette and the arrests made from time to time in various countries. England has thrown fits over tales of surveying parties of German officers disguised as tramps. The cost and trouble might have been saved by buying ordnance maps, which correspond to the minute topographical maps now in course of publication by the United States government. Improvements in artillery, in small arms and field equipment never remain secret for more than a few weeks. The plans of forts throughout the world are on file in all the war departments of the powers. Every change in naval construction is not only learned quickly, but is freely discussed in technical periodicals.

Military spying may be considered a form of sport. To have a mysterious errand gives zest to the game, and quickens the ingenuity of such soldiers as the man with the pigeons. And to be caught is to get one's name and portrait in the newspapers and to feel one is making a highly heroic sacrifice in the cause of patriotism.

THE AMERICAN TO BE.

The descendants of the British stock which settled New England, Virginia and the Carolinas take a sort of sorrowful pride in the fact that their race is dying out. At least the birth-rate is stationary, so far as may be learned accurately, and to stand still in such case is to decay. Soon, they think, they will be but memory and only the glorious record of the pioneers and builders will be left.

Yet they need not worry that their going means aught of permanent change in what we know as American mental and physical characteristics. If the remarkable report of the immigration commission is to be believed, the children of even the newest comers are not alone taking to American sport, following American occupations and showing a liking for so distinctive a thing as American humor, but they also are altering physically. "The East European Hebrew who has a round head," says the report, "becomes more long headed; the South Italian, who in Italy has an exceedingly long head, becomes more short headed; so that both approach a uniform type in this country."

This is the first truly scientific study of the influence of climate upon emigrant people. The findings suggest that the English, made up of the blood of Briton, Saxon, Norman French, Danish and some faint Roman blood, are essentially the same as the Britons would have been today had their stock remained pure. The inference is that the Celtiberians and their conquerors, the visigoths, cannot be distinguished in the Spanish of the present day. The Italians are as the Latins were in spite of the invasions from the north. The discoveries account for the fact that Russian Jew, German Jew, French Jew and English Jew, though claiming pure Semitic blood, may be differentiated. The law of environment is known to naturalists. It has never before more than theoretically applied to the human genus.

The American of a thousand years hence may be very much like the Indian, though modified by civilization. With all the complex mixture of blood he may be just the same as he would have been if the predominant stock had remained English.

A BUSINESS PLAYING OUT.

Kings are like those early American officeholders who were said seldom to die and never to resign. Dethroned, they plot for reinstatement. Exiled, they beg for their former incomes. Dead, their descendants and heirs strut about with fine airs of superiority and talk foolishly of restoration.

France supports two sets of royal claimants, the Orleanists and the Napoleonists. Journals are still published in their interests, and about their homes and estates there is a show of the ceremony of courts. Periodically there is an exposure of conspiracy to overthrow the republic, both conspiracy and the exposure of it being for the purpose of catching a moment of the public attention and not with any idea of final recognition or faith in the return of glory and power. The Carlists of Spain probably entertain as little hope as the French pretenders. They, however, have still something of influence and some ability to make trouble and to worry the present government. Now comes word that King Manuel of Portugal, who departed Lisbon "a smile upon his face and a cigarette upon his lips," has been caught planning the seizure of the new republic and the punishment of the rebels.

The game probably will never succeed again. Once a king is overthrown and escorted to the frontier his chances of return are exceedingly meagre. People throughout the world are learning to get along without these "rulers by divine right." They tolerate them, but let their feelings go no farther.

Woman suffragists were knocked out by the lower house of the South Dakota legislature, but it is believed that they can come back.

A Kansas forger has received sentences aggregating 223 years. He ought to be able to gain twenty or thirty years by good behavior.

Sunday School

WHAT MONEY AND PULL COULD NOT DO

International Sunday School Lesson for April 2 Is "Elisha Heals Naman the Syrian." II. Kings 5.

By William T. Ellis.

Suddenly our course of Sunday school studies lands us in Damascus, the romantic, the beautiful, the unchanging. By some claimed to be the oldest of living cities, it unquestionably is the most picturesque and oriental. What a revelation it would be to the 27,000,000 members of the Sunday school, as they come this week to make the acquaintance of General Naaman, of Damascus, if they could but peep into his native city. Perhaps they would go from the coast by way of the lordly Lebanon mountains, coming gradually upon the swift streams and luxuriant gardens, until the peerless panorama of the city unfolds before them. Or they may go up by rail from Haifa, passing through the magnificent scenery, the many ruins, the desert glimpses and the romantic hermitage region of the land of Og. Every rod of the way, in either direction, is replete with associations, as well as with intrinsic interest.

Damascus itself, the great mart now, as it always has been, for oriental wares, has the best bazars in the East. This is not a travel article, else I would describe those covered streets wherein the spices of Arabia and all the food and raiment and furnishings that make the East different from the West, are trafficed in by visitors from the desert and beyond. Portents of the near conquest of this rich city by the western ways may be seen in the number of foreign articles on sale in the bazars. In the city square, too, rises a curious pillar, entwined by a representation of a telegraph system, and with a model of the Medina mosque on top, to commemorate the completion of the Mecca railway as far as Medina. An electric street car line runs out through the Meidan, past the Beduin bazars, and often the cars must stop while scared camels, slowly trudging in from the desert in caravan formation, are gentled past this fearsome wonder, a modern street car.

A Great Man, But—

Through the midst of the city of Damascus runs a clear, swift stream called now the Barada, but identified with the Abana of the Bible, the stream which Naaman compared with the Jordan, to the latter's discredit. It is true that the Barada is clearer and swifter than the Jordan, although lacking the latter's volume. It has now been confined within walls, inside the city, and past the government buildings, where rules the Vali. The wealth of the citizens of Damascus is still famous, as are also the richness of the furnishings of the houses. The inlaid woodwork of the city is now a more celebrated product than the Damascus swords.

One of the rich and powerful men of old Damascus was Naaman, the Syrian general. The oranges and the date palms doubtless grew in his extensive gardens, just as they do today in the gardens of the leading men of the city, and his house was one of the show places for strangers. He was pointed out as he passed down the narrow streets, and the oriental salutations to him were most elaborate, for was not he the deliverer of Syria, and the king's favorite?

"But—" and the people shook their heads sadly as they said this under their breaths—he was a leper. Ah, for these "buts" that mar every fortune and character! True, Naaman went about his duties, for to this day, in some parts of the Orient, leprosy is no bar to a person's following his employment. I have a friend in Japan, who, a few years ago, discovered that her baker was a leper. Naaman was a doomed man none the less. He was losing the sensations of various parts of his body; and sensation is life. Perhaps his fingers were dropping off, as with lepers near Gethsemane, who entreat alms from travelers. His skin was thick and puffy. Alas, "but he was a leper."

Some Things Kings Cannot Do.

Some great success is certain for even the lowliest person who improves all his opportunities to be helpful. The pivotal character in this interesting story is an inconspicuous Hebrew slave girl. Among the multitude of servants in Naaman's household she was perhaps the least. Only a little slave girl, brought among the captives from Israel; with no family or friends near, she was inconsiderable to the last degree. Hard was her fate, and well might she seem justified in railing against it, and all who had to do with rending her from her beloved homeland. Instead of hating her master and wishing him ill, saying to sympathetic fellow slaves concerning his affliction, "serves him right," she nobly wished for his healing. Doubtless Naaman was a kind master to merit such sentiments. I have known some military officers whose soldiers threatened to shoot them, if ever they should get into action. We can only speculate upon the temperament of this man who was beloved alike of king and of serving maid.

The woe which is pronounced against the person who has good news and withholds it was not merited by the little Hebrew maid. Back in the dear homeland there was a wonder-working prophet; would God her master might honor her. The wish of the little servant maid was soon being mentioned in the ear of the king. With him to think was to act. No cure must be left untried for the great Naaman, so off to Israel's court he dispatched an embassy.

Probably he thought that this wonderful prophet, Elisha, was a sort of court preacher. Unfortunately for the plans of states and fathers, greatness does not always thrive in palaces and high places. God's great men have a way of developing in the lowly places. There are gifts beyond the power to bestow which are visited upon the poor and the humble. There used to be a belief in the "king's touch" for scrofula, but now we know that kings are likelier to contract the disease than cure it. With all his might, the king of Israel was as helpless as a villager in the presence of leprosy.

The Man Who Was a Helper.

A large part of Elisha's greatness consisted in simple helpfulness. True, he was supernaturally aided to give many attestations of God's power and of his own office. What he did was not for Elisha's fame, but for Jehovah's honor. Humble he was, and ready to hasten in person to the help of the Shunammite woman in her distress; but when the proud Syrian commander came to his lowly door, he did not even go down in person. A proper sense of dignity is one of the marks of a great man. This famous Syrian acted condescendingly towards the God of Israel. In his heart he felt that he was doing a great honor to the God of the Hebrews, that he was almost stooping beneath his dignity to make the journey. So the wise prophet knew his place and his duty. As a doughty missionary once said to a Russian ambassador who objected to the opening of a Protestant mission in a certain country, "My King and Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, will never ask permission of the Czar of all the Russias to have His gospel preached." Every preacher may well take a leaf from Elisha's notebook in his attitude toward Naaman. No servile truckling to wealth there. The picture of the horses and chariot of the great Naaman standing at the door of the minister of God is a good one to engrave on the memory; it is even better than that of Knox before Mary, Queen of Scots.

After all, though, the real greatness of any prophet is his message; and Elisha sent word to Naaman how he might be cured, by bathing seven times in the Jordan. The oriental is always keen on any point of dignity or ceremony, and, already ruffled over the failure of Elisha to appear in person, Naaman's indignation broke out when he was told to do so simple a thing as to bathe in the river of the Jews.

Religion and Expectations.

Just add a darkened room, and a few spooks and table rappings to religion, and behold its vogue with many. Or put an oriental turban on it, and let it speak the high sounding inanities of a supposed theosophy or transcendentalism, and see people troop to it. The very simplicity of God's revelation to man, and his requirement of man, baffles multitudes, even as it baffled Naaman. He was prepared to do some hard thing. He avowed that he expected some hocus-pocus of a mysterious performance at the hands of Elisha—but to go bathe in the muddy Jordan, and his home beside the sparkling waters of the Abana and Pharphar! Preposterous!

The great soldier had yet to learn how completely the military principle of obedience runs through all God's dealings with men. It was not the act of bathing in the Jordan that counted (although tens of thousands of ignorant persons every year make the orduous pilgrimage to do this very thing, but the yielding up of his will to God. "God will not be king at all, unless he can be king over all," is the wise word of one of the old fathers. Let Naaman show that he accepted Jehovah's way and all would be well with him. After all, that is all there is to religion—just letting God have his way. Salvation is not offered on any basis such as man would devise; its very simplicity argues for its supernatural origin.

A Grafter of Long Ago.

Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed with Naaman. He obeyed the prophet's directions, and was made as clean and whole as a little child. In an effulgence of gratitude, he wanted to make the prophet a present. Still Elisha was clearheaded. He would not do aught that might seem to relieve the grateful soldier of his obligation to Jehovah. All the honor and praise belonged only to God.

Love of money makes the grafter. Gehazi, the prophet's servant, was more "practical" than his master. He was the kind of "businesslike" church officer who would take a contribution from anybody, no matter how iniquitously the money was made, of what its ulterior purpose. So Gehazi resolved to get a share of Naaman's lavish store of gifts for himself, in the name of his master. I am reminded of a recent experience of my own in Naaman's own city of Damascus. I had come to pleasant relations with the Vali, or governor, in connection with some Mecca pilgrims whom I was helping out of a plight. In conformity with the usage of the East I gave to the Vali's orderly some "bachsheesh" as I left the building. But the rascal had the effrontery to send to my servant and demand more, on the basis of what his master had done!

There is justice, as well as love, with God and his representatives; and Gehazi's graft brought upon him the awful leprosy from which Naaman had been delivered. They who trifle with the divine mercy may feel the divine wrath.

Varieties

The canal zone soon is to have its first electric railroad.

Blackmail may be punished with a life sentence in England.

Most spiders have eight eyes, though a few species possess six only.

New York has a school devoted exclusively to the study of motor boats.

The total traffic on Canadian canals in 1910 amounted to over 42,500,000 tons.

A Russian electrician has invented an insulating material made from milk.

In Maryland a candidate for office can not legally pay the car fare of a voter.

Some Japanese inns furnish fresh tooth brushes every morning free to each guest.

Bahia Blanca, Argentina, is the greatest wheat shipping city of South America.

More than 77 per cent of the total production of German alcohol is obtained from potatoes.

In 1909 fiscal year the government of Italy made profit of $12,821,665 out of its salt monopoly.

Canada's per capita consumption of tobacco amounts to $1.12, as compared with 64 cents in 1896.

In point of number of students, Columbia heads the list of American institutions, with 7,463.

A simple tool that twists two or more wires together as it is drawn along them is a Texan's invention.

John Patten, a truckman, of Utica, N. Y., fell heir in one day to $90,000 from one brother and $10 from another.

Millions of feet of wire were used for railroad signals for the Pennsylvania terminal and tunnel in New York.

The latest fashion prevailing among the women of the Berlin aristocracy is to have their portraits painted while asleep.

There is every probability that the canton of Grisons, Switzerland, will have the first woman clergyman soon.

A portable vacuum cleaner brought out in England also may be used as a seat, table, cabinet, music stool or pedestal.

Said to be the largest tree trunk in the world is that of a tule tree at Hitla, Mexico, which measures 145 feet in girth.

Rice, it is now said, can be grown more profitably in Manchuria than in China or Japan, notwithstanding the short season.

Three hundred thousand cocoanut trees have been planted in Florida; nearly 100,000 of them are already bearing.

In a beefsteak eating contest between boys' and girls' teams, of the Brooks Bowling club, New York, the girls won first honors.

A steel wire rope a mile and a half long and three inches in diameter was a record breaker recently made in a New Jersey factory.

The total mileage of the Belgian government railways on January 1, 1910, was 1,268 miles of double track and 1,410 miles of single track.

Baby Vinson Walsh McLean has given $450 of his inheritance of millions to provide pure milk for 450 Washington babies for one month.

About 3,000 tons of whale oil was the total output of the last season (May to December), at the South African port of Durban.

British shoe dealers admit that the British people are under a debt of gratitude to America for teaching them how to make shoes fit.

Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley, suffragette, urges married suffragettes to drop the "Mrs." and discontinue the Christian names of their husbands.

Authorities of Baku, the Caspian seaport, desire to improve the water supply of the town by bringing water from the mountains, 120 miles away.

The total consumption of beef and mutton in Great Britain in 1909 amounted to 1,990,000 tons, of which 595,000 tons were imported in a frozen state.

Turkey has taken another step forward. The buildings that house the ministry of mines and forests and of agriculture are now lighted by electricity.

British hats and bonnets were shipped to foreign countries last year to the number of 1,387,901 dozen, worth $9,733,000, or one-third more than in 1908.

In China daughters are considered of such slight importance that fathers do not trouble to find names for their girl babies. They number them.

The lake shipments of soft coal during last year totaled 18,406,469 short tons, indicating a gain of 35 per cent over the figures of the preceding year.

A bill before the legislature in Nevada proposes to give to criminals condemned to capital punishment the choice of the rope, the gun or the poison cup.

Bishop Maillalieu, of the Methodist church, says he would like to see all the nude statues in Boston's museum of fine arts used for paving the streets.

Three hundred thousand sovereigns lie on the bottom of the sea in two safes in a cabin of the Birkenhead, sunk off the African coat over 50 years ag

Owing to the inability of staying within a moderate limit, University of Pennsylvania students have been forbidden to play poker, under pain of expulsion.

The duke of Brambilla is performing daily operations in the Italian hospital, New York, having come to the United States to study American surgery.

Portland cement cost $3 a barrel in 1880, but because of the improvements made in its manufacture it is profitably sold for 81 cents a barrel at present.

China and Japan are preeminently the seaweed eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food.

Orange glass forces plants, but hurts the fruit; violet glass increases the quantity of fruit, but lowers the quality; red, blue and green glass is positively injurious.

Because of objection to the word "heathen," the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for heathen lands has dropped the last three words of its name.

Showing an utter contempt for the brand new lockup of Stratford, Conn., 50 tramps escaped from it while the judge was waiting for them to appear in court.

The boy classics of Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr., have been barred from the Chicago schools' libraries as behind the times and "no better than dime novels."

The grain, as a unit of measurement, was introduced by Henry III., who ordered a grain of wheat gathered from the middle of the head to be the standard of weight.

Important Prescription For Stomach Troubles

This comes from reliable medical authority as being one of the most remarkable prescriptions of recent years as demonstrated in the results shown by its widespread use in hospital work and private practice. It is said to give immediate relief for distress after eating, belching, sour stomach, dizziness and headaches, and if used for sufficient time will eradicate the worst dyspepsia: "Two ounces essence of Pepsin; three ounces syrup of Ginger; one ounce Catandir compound. Mix and use one to two tea spoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime." Catandir always comes put up in one-ounce sealed packages. Any druggist should have it in stock by this time or he will quickly get it from his wholesale house. For best results mix the Pepsin and the Ginger, then let stand about an hour before adding the Catandir. It will be more convenient to get the ingredients from the druggist and mix them at home. Those who have tried this are enthusiastic over its prompt and effective action.

LADIES *WHY SUFFER?*

ORANGE LILY SUPPOSITORIES

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a **50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

BEEF BLOOD VIRO FOR THIN PEOPLE

Makes Pink Flesh Marvel of all Flesh Producers. Six times the strength of strong, healthy bullock's blood. Pleasant to take. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, have plump form. For Indigestion, Nervousness, Blood Disorders Constipation. To prove its wonderful qualities we will send 50c trial package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST-OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today, now. VIRO-HEALTH CO., **Dept. 44, Clarinda, Ia.**

Gain Flesh Quickly

FITS I have cured patients who had Epilepsy, Fits, or Falling Sickness since childhood. Stacks of testimonials on file. Write for Free Trial Treatment and testimonials from cured patients. I pay the express. Give age and full particulars. Dr. Roof, 1127 Downing Bldg., New York.

FAT FOLKS Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving. **Results Guaranteed.** Mrs. G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New Plan, Box 314 A. G., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry. Wonderful results, best plan free. Confidential. Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Send dime and birthdate. Can astonish you. Mme. Irene, 115 Second St. Kewanee, Ills.

LADIES when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable, "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

NO JAP-MEXICAN PACT

State Dept. Says Alleged Secret Treaty Is Confused With Old Agreement.

Washington, March 24.—A probable explanation of the confusion arising over the "Japanese-Mexican treaty," which it is rumored is to be renounced at an early date, is that the references are to treaties of commerce and amity which Japan had with all nations and which expire in July of the present year.

The United States had such a treaty and at the request of Japan the date of expiration of this convention was advanced one year and was abrogated to make room for the new Japanese-American treaty recently ratified by the United States senate. As explained at the time, the American-Japanese treaty did not go into operation until a year after similar treaties with all other nations became effective and by the grace of this government its operation was put on a parity as to the time with all the others.

The state department has reiterated its statement that it did not know anything about the reports that there was a secret treaty between Japan and Mexico which was about to be "renounced" as an act growing out of understandings between the United States and Japan.

The department has taken cognizance of the various reports which come from the "front" indicating that there is a misunderstanding as to the functions of the army with respect to stopping "contraband." The state department has no different view from that of the department of justice, which has its agents on the border, as has the treasury department. It is not expected that the United States patrol shall stop all commerce between Mexico and the United States on the theory that all of the merchandise going across the border is for the insurrectos. On the contrary, the official view is that the patrol must have information that consignments are intended specifically for the use of the insurrectos.

MADERO WINS BIG VICTORY

Presidio, Texas, March 23.—Via Marena, Texas, March 25.—According to a messenger who reported to General Jose De La Cruz Sanchez, in command of the insurgents besieging the town of Ojinaga today, insurrectos under the direct command of Francisco I. Madero have won an important victory in the vicinity of the city Chihuahua, routing the federal troops after 160 had been killed and 40 taken prisoners.

AIDS GETTYSBURG SURVIVORS

Columbus, March 25.—A bill to appropriate $15,000 to take all the Ohio survivors of the battle of Gettysburg to the celebration of the 50th anniversary of that battle July 1, 2, and 3, 1913, will be introduced Monday by Representative Cyrus B. Winters of Erie county.

Of the 4327 Ohio troops which participated, 1271 were killed or wounded and it is estimated that there are now from 300 to 500 survivors. If the bill passes the Ohio veterans will visit the battle grounds as guests of the state and in charge of the adjutant general.

Several other states will make appropriations to send their survivors.

WOULD DIVORCE HER COUNT

Vienna, Austria, March 23.—Count Gizycky on Monday, March 20, was served in this city with a citation in the divorce suit of his wife, who was formerly Miss Eleanor Patterson, of Kenton, O., to appear in the circuit court in Chicago, March 20.

The court's lawyer immediately cabled to the count that the defendant had been served with notice only that day, and that he asked for time in which to enter an appearance, as the count is determined to contest the suit.

Count Gizycky insists the proceedings are all wrong and that he will fight to the end.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR KIDNEYS

Mix one-half ounce fluid extract buchu, one-half ounce murax compound, six ounces good pure gin. Take one to two teaspoonfuls of the mixture after each meal and at bed time. The ingredients of this prescription can be had at any well stocked drug store. Anyone can mix. This treatment has benefitted thousands since it was discovered a few months ago. It quickly relieves and restores weak kidneys, bladder and other urinary channels. One should not delay after noting symptoms such as backache, rheumatic pains and other well known signs. Serious kidney disease may develop quickly if neglected.

STEAMER SINKS

The Secheldt, Off the Coast of British Columbia, Is Capsized.

Victoria, B. C., March 25.—With 39 passengers and crew on board, the steamer Sechelt, a small shelter deck steamer operated between Victoria and Sooke by the British Columbia Shipping Co., capsized off Beachy Head late yesterday.

It is believed all on board were lost.

The Sechelt left yesterday afternoon with about 35 passengers, mostly laborers bound to the Canadian Northern railroad construction camp at Peddar Bay and a crew of four men, with Captain H. B. James, manager of the company, in command. This morning a boy arrived at Esquimalt in a gasoline launch from William Head Quarantine station with news that the steamer had captsized.

All that the boy knew was the Sechelt had capsized and he believed all were drowned.

The tug William Jolliffe was sent to the assistance of the Sechelt. Not until the tug returns will it be known what was the fate of those on board the capsized steamer. The Sechelt was 82 feet in length with a gross register of 75 tons.

PUT THAW IN IMBECILE WARD

Matteawan Authorities Say It's for Medical Reasons.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 24.—Harry K. Thaw yesterday was transferred from his old ward in the Matteawan State hospital to a ward where his associates will be imbeciles, paresis victims and men whose mentality is of a low order. His transfer has displeased his mother, Mrs. Mary C. Thaw, but Dr. Lamb, superintendent, says that Thaw really is pleased with the change.

It is charged that Thaw was transferred because of the recent exposures regarding the care of patients and because of the suspicion that Thaw was furnishing a large part of the information. Dr. Lamb said last night that the change was made for medical reasons only.

Mrs. Thaw issued a statement in which she declared that the Matteawan authorities continue to persecute her son and instead of trying to improve his mental condition are doing him harm.

CARNEGIE MAY PENSION TOTH

Offers to Help Innocent Man Who Served 20 Years.

Pittsburg, March 24.—Andrew Carnegie has personally taken up the case of Andrew Toth, the workman in the Carnegie mills who was released last Saturday from Western penitentiary after serving 20 years for a murder he never committed.

If Mr. Carnegie finds that Toth was innocent of the murder of which he was convicted it is regarded as likely that he will compensate the man in some way, either by a pension or a large sum in cash. Secretary F. M. Wilmot, of the Carnegie hero fund commission, received a letter from Mr. Carnegie yesterday addressed in Carnegie's handwriting and written on his private stationery, inclosing a clipping from a New York paper telling of Toth's release and penniless condition. At the bottom of the clipping Mr. Carnegie had written in pencil:

"Glad to help if true. Please investigate."

WILL HAVE CABINET OF REFORMERS

Diaz to Appoint Younger, More Progressive Men to Take Places of Resigned Members.

Washington, D. C., March 25.—Mexico is to enter upon an era of administrative reforms.

This is understood to be the significance of the sudden resignation of the Diaz cabinet. A new cabinet will be appointed without delay and it will be in part a progressive one. It will be appointed with the special object of placating the revolutionary feeling and restoring peace. But whether it will succeed or not remains to be shown by the developments.

President Diaz will follow the appointment of his new cabinet by inaugurating certain administrative reforms demanded by the revolutionists, but the uprising in Mexico, if the insurrectionists are to be believed, is not so much against particular man or policy as against the entire Diaz regime, including Diaz himself.

Revolutionists Not Hopeful.

In a statement given out today the Mexican junta here say that a new cabinet cannot possibly settle the revolution, if that cabinet is appointed by Diaz. They say the cabinet organization is a mere makeshift. They expect the war to go on until an end is put to the Diaz dynasty.

The resignation of the Mexican cabinet created no surprise in Washington official circles. President Taft and his cabinet have been constantly advised. They hope for peace following the new appointments. Unless it comes, intervention by the United States may be resorted to if congress will back the President in such a course.

LIMANTOUR, WHOSE POLICIES PREVAIL, STAYS IN CABINET

Mexico City, Mexico, March 25.—With the old cabinet out and the probability that not more than two of its members will be retained, the likely personnel of the new ministry was the chief topic of discussion in the capital today.

The resignation of the cabinet yesterday is taken as an indication that Finance Minister Limantour's policies are prevailing with President Diaz. The latter has given no intimation of his intentions further than a determination to appoint younger men to succeed the ministers who are advanced in age.

The name of General Bernardo Reyes for the portfolio of war and marine is possible. It is believed that Limantour will remain at the head of the department of finance, despite the fact that he is along in years, although it is thought by some that he will succeed Creel as minister of foreign affairs. It is conceded that he will be retained in the cabinet, and in whatever capacity he may serve he will be the chief reliance of Diaz in the official family.

What the fate of Creel will be is a matter of much speculation. While it is believed that the foreign minister is held in high esteem by the national executive, it is realized that because of his connection with the great Terrazas family of Chihuahua he is perhaps more than his associates under the ban of the discontented element which the change of ministry is intended to appease.

That Minister de la Barra will be asked to assume the post of foreign relations and be succeeded at Washington by Creel, who formerly served at the American capital, is considered improbable.

Though Minister of the Interior Corral retains the office of vice president, it is believed that his resignation will be tendered at the opening of congress on April 1, and that the post of vice president, which was created for him, will be abolished.

WASHINGTON IS OFFICIALLY NOTIFIED OF RESIGNATION

Washington, March 25.—Official announcement of the resignation of the Diaz cabinet in Mexico reached Washington today. It came in the form of a dispatch from Enrique C. Creel, minister of foreign affairs of Mexico, to Senor De La Barra, Mexican ambassador to the United States.

The dispatch announced that yesterday the entire cabinet had presented their resignations to President Diaz who had received them with the declaration that he reserves the right to accept them or to reject them according to his convenience.

Senor Creel added that this action of the cabinet had been well received by the public as contributing to definite reforms and a lasting peace.

TAFT REASSURES JAP AMBASSADOR

President Taft has been greatly annoyed by the persistent reports to the effect that Japan had negotiated a secret agreement with Mexico for a coaling station on the Pacific coast, and that the United States was menacing Mexico as a protest.

While confident that the Japanese ambassador needed no assurances either private or official as to the purposes of this government, President Taft today conceived the idea of inviting Baron Uchida to the White House for a conference so as to give the greatest publicity possible to a denial which the President hopes will carry conviction to the American people.

ROOSEVELT FOR THE RECALL

Tells California Its Judges Should Be Under That System.

Los Angeles, March 23.—Col. Roosevelt, in a speech before the City club last night, declared in favor of the recall of judges in California. The colonel reiterated his statement, made at Phoenix, that the recall of judges should not be adopted until, by actual experience, the people were driven to it to do away with some worse evil.

"When I uttered those sentiments I was thinking particularly of your condition here in California," declared the colonel. He said that conditions in California were such as to render it imperative to provide methods for removing any judge when the people became convinced that his retention on the bench was no longer in the interest of justice and fair dealing from the standoin of the people.

FITS EPILEPSY or Falling Sickness.

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and **Free Bottle** of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a lifelong study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O address. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the **FREE TEST TREATMENT** disease. Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.** Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept 108 St. Paul, Minn.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18 St. Joseph, Mo

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I foiled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 682 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

TO YOU WHO ARE SICK

I Make the Fairest Offer That I Know

Let me say right here at the start that no money is asked or expected. I make this remarkable offer of my own free will and accord. I am financially able to do so. It is my way—the way I have chosen for doing good—the way I have thought out by which I can best send help and comfort, health and strength out into this world of so much sickness and suffering.

It is for you to accept or refuse, as you like.

For you to choose—whether your trouble, with all its pain, danger, fear and uncertainty shall continue—or whether it shall be taken away. But in the choosing remember this—health was God's most precious gift to you, and it is as much your duty to regain and keep it as to guard and protect your life.

Directing Specialist Clearwater

Who makes this generous offer.

What is my offer? you ask. Listen In my thirty years' experience in medicine I have learned many strang things. For one thing, I've learned that Heart Disease kills more people every day than anything else on earth. I've also learned that Heart Disease hardly ever exists alone—by itself—That other organs—Stomach, Bowels Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Sexual organs etc., are almost always affected too. Why?—Think for a minute and you'll answer the question yourself—It's because the Heart is the vital organ of the body—because it governs all the other organs, supplies EVERY organ—every Nerve, muscle and tissue with blood and life and power to do their work.

Stop the Heart's beat and death strikes instantly. You know that. And let the Heart get weak or wrong in any way and the whole system—the whole body, from Brain to tinies blood vessel suffers too.

But, you say, I haven't any Heart trouble. My Heart is all right. Lot of people think and say the self-same thing. Why, only last week I had pitiful, tear-stained letter from a little eleven-year-old girl out in Ohio, telling me how her mother fell dead the week before—yes, fell dead before her with the baby in her arms! Now, this woman thought her Heart was all right. She would not believe me—even refused to take the treatment or heed the warning and the good advice that I had sent her free!

Six people in every ten have Heart trouble, though many of them do not know it. 30,000 victims die of it in America every year. Think of it! And so I say, unless you are sure, unless you KNOW, for goodness' sake don't take any more chances—stop a bit right here and find out for a certainty just where you stand.

The Symptoms of Heart Disease

Are very plain when once they are known and understood. The great trouble is that most people don't know what the symptoms are—don't know what they mean when they have them. Another thing—A great many people are misled and deceived into thinking their trouble is something else. Thousands—perhaps you among them—are today doctoring the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Nerves or Sexual Organs for some supposed trouble, when all the time it's the Heart that's causing it all. In other words, you may be treating the **symptoms** and not the disease itself.

Following are the most common signs—the really **sure** symptoms of Heart Disease. Go over them **carefully** one by one and answer yes or no to each. That will tell the story:

Do you tire easily?
Do you have headaches?
Does your Heart Flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of your breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down?"
Do you have numb or dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you Nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "allgone" feeling?
Have you pain in Heart, side or shoulder-blade?

Of course, no case has all—some of the very worst only a few. Therefore if you find that even one or two of them are YOUR symptoms, you should act at once, for you may be in grave danger. You know Heart Disease don't wait. It comes like a thief, develops quickly, and strikes without warning.

And Here Is My Offer.

If you have any of these symptoms, if you have reason to think that you have even the slightest Heart trouble, or weakness, write me now. I will send you free treatment and advice.

Or, again, if you have known for some time that you have Heart trouble or weakness, write me—even though your case is chronic, deep-seated, and has resisted treatment. Even though you may have been told that you cannot be cured—I urge you all the more strongly to write at once.—It is in just such stubborn "incurable" cases we have made the most remarkable cures.

The very day I hear from you I will send you by mail postpaid and securely sealed—

A Regular Full Free Treatment

for your case; a letter of advice explaining your whole case fully. Also a Medical Book that in plain words and with clear pictures tells all about your trouble. Explains about your Heart—what it does—how it works, and its relation to all the rest of your body. The book is valuable. Do not lose sight of this part of my offer. Many people, among them several physicians, say it's the best book of its kind ever written.

Remember, it is all free—the Book, the Letter of Advice, the full Course of Treatment. There are no "strings" to this offer. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind. I ask for no money—I send you no medicine expecting you to pay later. You bind yourself in no way. It is nothing but a genuine, generous, honest, free offer of help to the sick. I am making this same offer in some of the best papers in America besides The Toledo Weekly Blade, because it seems to me to be the best way to quickly get advice and help—this certain, effective treatment into the hands of every sufferer—everywhere.

To the skeptical—the doubters—the unbelievers—to those who think Heart trouble can't be cured—to those who forget that science is advancing, I say for your own good—yes, in simple fairness to yourself. Don't give up—Don't fail to get our advice and test our methods and treatment. It has cured—I don't mean just helped—but **cured** thousands of cases, many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

I am particularly anxious to hear from those who aren't quite sure just what their trouble is—from those who are doctoring the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nerves, etc., but get a little or no better. In nine out of ten such cases the real trouble is with the Heart. Anyway, you will get the truth here—You will then know what to do.

The free course of treatment that we send will strengthen and regulate the Heart. It will tone up the Stomach, Kidneys and Liver. It will give strength and vitality to the Nerves and Nerve Centers and build up the whole system. Remember we make a specialty of treating Heart Disease and the other troubles that so often go with it. This is our life work—and all our knowledge and experience thus gained is yours gladly and freely just for the asking.

And so I say again, if you do need this help, you'd better send right now, for, of course, I cannot continue to make this offer indefinitely.

Free Treatment Coupon.

Directing Specialist, Clearwater.
Head of the Heart Cure Co.,
933 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.

I have read your offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade;

Please send me the Free Treatment, the Book and Letter promised. It is agreed and understood I am to pay you nothing for all this either now or later.

My Age is.....
Name .....
Address .....

DIAZ SAYS LITTLE AS HIS ENTIRE CABINET GIVES UP

Mexico City, March 25.—The Diaz cabinet resigned in a body at a special meeting of that board yesterday. The President deferred action upon the resignations.

The reason given for the action in an official announcement is the belief that it will contribute to the re-establishment of peace and facilitate the reforms which are in contemplation. Members of the cabinet are:

Secretary of foreign affairs, Senor Don Ignacio Mariscal.
Secretary of interior, Senor Don Ramon Corral.
Secretary of justice, Senor Don Justino Fernandez.
Secretary of improvements, Senor Don Olegario Volina.
Secretary of finances, Senor Don Jose Yves Limantour.
Secretary of war and navy, Senor General Gonzales Corsio.
Secretary of communications and public works, Senor Don Leandro Fernandez.
Secretary of public instruction, Senor Don Justo Sierra.

Enrique C. Creel, minister of foreign relations, presented the resignation in behalf of all the ministers. General Diaz thanked the retiring members for their efficient and patriotic co-operation in the past and announced that he would postpone his acceptance or rejection until later.

BOOKER LAUDS ULRICH

Washington Justifies Man Who Attacked Him.

Philadelphia, March 27.—Booker T. Washington, the negro educator who was attacked and beaten up in New York city last Sunday night, and for which alleged attack Albert Ulrich, a resident of the apartment house, has waived a preliminary hearing, today emphatically declared that he believed Ulrich was justified in attacking him under the circumstances.

After making this admission Washington intimated that all future proceedings against Ulrich would be dropped, but declared this was a matter to which his lawyers would attend, and he could not be sure that they would allow him to retire from the prosecution.

"In looking upon the attack after seven days from its occurrence," said Washington, "I believe that Mr. Ulrich was justified in attacking not only me, but any other man under similar circumstances. I was in the hall of the house and was peering at the name plates on the doors in an effort to find one of my business acquaintances.

"After the charges had been brought I learned that Ulrich had a daughter and that several efforts had been made to kidnap her. There seems to be little doubt that Ulrich thought I might be a kidnaper. If he did he was perfectly justified in attacking me. No man could have done otherwise under the circumstances. I have no personal feeling against Mr. Ulrich. To my mind he did the manly thing."

"But will you continue the prosecution?" was asked.

"That is something I cannot answer," he replied. "The whole matter is in the hands of my attorneys. They may feel that the case should go to the end to prove that I was not peering through keyholes, as has been intimated."

HE TAKES UP 12 PASSENGERS

Roger Sommer Breaks Aerobus Record of Compatriot.

Mouzon, France, March 25.—Roger Sommer, the French biplanist, yesterday broke Louis Breguet's "aerobus" record, which he made at Dousi yesterday in taking up 12 passengers. Sommer today carried 13 persons weighing in the aggregate, 1,430½ pounds. He flew, however, only two thirds of a mile, whereas Breguet, who used a monoplane, went two miles. The weight of Breguet's passengers was 1,315 pounds.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5240 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

AT 98 HE JOINS THE MASONS

Lincoln, Ill., March 25.—James F. Ride, just elected a Mason, is more than 98 years old. He belongs to Logan lodge, and is said to be the oldest "new" Mason in the world.

Mr. Ride is city treasurer and the oldest public official in the United States.

New Vitality for Men

USE THE

Free Coupon

Vitality gives you the manly courage to protect those depending upon you, as portrayed in the picture. No matter what thoughtless action or early indiscretion may have sapped your strength, Vitality restores it to you. It makes you over into a strong, vital, manly man, without an ache, pain or weakness. Vitality puts the real VIGOR OF YOUTH into your blood, no matter how nervous or debilitated you may be, it puts the sunshine of vigorous manhood into your life; I make you feel young and keep you feeling young, without the use of drugs, without the necessity of dieting, without one bit of change in your present mode of living, except, of course, dissipation must cease. Just lead a manly life and use my HEALTH BELT; everything else will come. My HEALTH BELT, with suspensory attachment worn nights, pours a great, soft stream of VITAL STRENGTH into your blood, nerves and organs during all the hours you sleep; in one night it takes the kink, pain or weakness out of your back, ere long friends will say: "How well you look," and you are answering: "Never felt better in my life!" Your eyes will sparkle with health; you will have that pleasing influence to fascinate and control which comes to all full-blooded, strong, vital, manly men. Thousands upon thousands are now using my Health Belt all over the world. With special attachments it cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder, stomach disorders, etc.

Let Me Send You This Book FREE

This 96-page book, illustrated with photo-engravings, gives a fund of health, vigor and virility information which no man, single or married, can afford to be without; it points out Nature's way to preserve manhood and how to restore it. I send it to you willingly, free of charge in a plain, sealed envelope. There will be no obligations on your part; keep it in your pocket, think over what it contains, then if you need me I am here at your service. The book fully describes my Health Belt. It contains a chapter on rheumatism, stomach disorders and other ills. If you are in or near New York, drop into see me; no charge whatsoever for professional advice. Please fill in the coupon when you send for book.

DR. T. B. SANDEN CO., 1151 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised free.

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ADDRESS .....

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You are in Danger of **CONSUMPTION**

DEAFNESS

READ the story told in these pictures. A story in BLACK and WHITE. The BLACK area shows the EXTENT of the Disease. The WHITE shows the area reached by Different Remedies.

Fig. 1—THE BLACK, in the above cut, shows the wide extent of catarrh—ALL THROUGH THE HEAD, DOWN INTO THE THROAT (K) INTO THE LUNGS (M & L); into the ears (D); into the frontal sinus (H); into the sphenoidal sinus (B); etc.
TO CURE CATARRH IN THE ABOVE PARTS IT MUST BE REACHED BY THE REMEDY.

Fig. 2—Illustrates the inevitable failure of SALVES, BALMS, SNUFFS, etc. SEE how much BLACK remains to show the parts unreached—how little of the WHITE to show the parts that are reached.

Fig. 3—Shows how little can be done by ATOMIZERS, SPRAYS, DOUCHES, and all WASHES and LIQUIDS.
By no possibility can these methods of treatment reach the real seat of the disease.
WHY THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY, and sacrifice your health, perhaps your life, by trifling with your disease in this way? THERE IS A BETTER WAY. (See Fig. 4).

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. It is characterized by a discharge through the nostrils or into the throat. It usually begins with a cold in the head. Beginning in the nostrils it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the body, even getting into the stomach and lungs. The nasty discharge being swallowed, it upsets the stomach, and from the stomach it is taken into the blood, and poisons and deranges the whole body.

The disease is all the time inclined to work its way from the nose back into the head—down into the throat—into the bronchial tubes and lungs. Herein is its greatest danger.

Dr. Blosser's Discovery

While engaged in the general practice of medicine Dr. Blosser had many patients suffering from Catarrh whom he was unable to cure, although he prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. He saw that the methods of treatment were wrong and reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by breathing cold and damp air, so it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation he discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which, when ignited, and the warm fumes inhaled would speedily relieve all catarrhal diseases. As shown in the **accompanying illustrations** the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy **fights** and **kills** Catarrh where liquids, sprays, douches, salves and medicated creams cannot possibly go. It is a most reliable treatment, and is so simple and convenient that **it can be used at home** by man, woman or child.

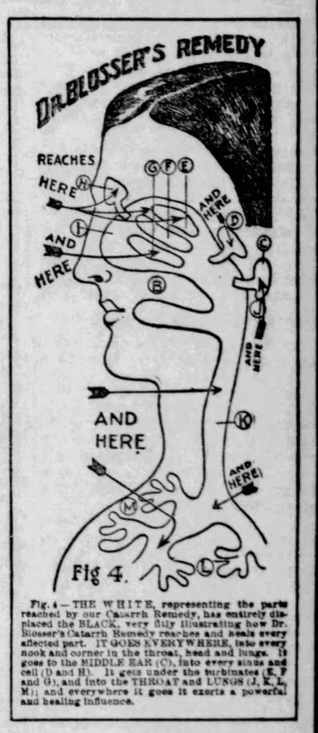

Fig. 4—THE WHITE, representing the parts reached by our Catarrh Remedy, has entirely displaced the BLACK, very fully illustrating how Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy reaches and heals every affected part. IT GOES EVERYWHERE, into every nook and corner in the throat, head and lungs. It goes to the MIDDLE EAR (C), into every sinus and cell (D and B). It gets under the turbinates (E, F and G), and into the THROAT and LUNGS (J, K, L, M); and everywhere it goes it exerts a powerful and healing influence.

Free Sample by Mail

Write a postal card, or cut out and fill in the coupon below, and we will send you by mail **a liberal trial treatment entirely free.** If you suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness or any other catarrhal trouble, **you cannot afford to neglect the use of this grand remedy.** Catarrh, if neglected, will extend to the lungs, finally leading to consumption. This remedy has cured Catarrh of every form in the nose, head, throat, middle ear and lungs. No matter who, or what remedy has failed in your case, this should cure you.

When you try the free sample and see how the warm, pleasant medicated vapor **goes to every spot and gives immediate relief,** you will be convinced. The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package, containing enough to last one whole month, sent by mail, postpaid for $1. It is not on sale at the drug stores, as we wish our patients to get the medicine fresh from our laboratory.

Remember a postal card, or the coupon, with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, will bring you this FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. It will also bring you free an illustrated book.

CUT THIS OUT, FILL IN AND MAIL AT ONCE.

DR. J. W. BLOSSER,
254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please send me by mail (free of cost) your Trial Treatment for Catarrh, Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Middle Ear, etc. Also send your Free Illustrated Treatise on Catarrh.

Name _____

Town _____

Street or R. F. D. _____ **State** _____

Spell out name with pencil, very, very plainly.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

The Will and the Way

By BECKY JANE

HERE is a Real Life Glimpse, which came to The Blade, over our letter route. It was unnamed, so I have christened it. The Will and the Way, because I want to, I want to, because it fits the story it heads. This is the story:

This short sketch of our life during my husband's college days, is written to encourage young married people in going ahead with their education after marriage, if it was not finished before, rather than to take the usual course pursued by them, in thinking that marriage prevents any further steps of educational advancement.

As is the custom of so many young men, my husband had not provided a home for us, before we took the sacred vows of wedded life. We went to live with his parents. Of their children, there was only a younger brother left at home. My husband and this brother intended to take the farm in hand together. We were married in the fall, at about the time the country schools opened and I, being a country school ma'am—of which I am proud, as I am of being country bred. I love the country home, with its natural, beautiful surroundings, room for developing and growing in God's way,—I insisted on teaching. This was against my husband's wish at first, but he gave in finally, and one week after we were married, I began my teaching.

The school house was about ten miles away from our home, so I boarded near the school, going every Friday evening, either to my parents' home, which was about half as far, or to my husband's. I shall never forget the long, cold rides we took on horseback that winter, after the roads were too bad for a buggy. There was sufficient snow for a sleigh only a few times. I always enjoyed it when we could go in a sleigh, but the time never was lonely. By spring I had earned enough to buy us a nice little bunch of young cattle. The men-folk began to plow and get ready for their crops. They worked hard all the season, but with the chinch bugs and drought, there was little left to tell the tale. They did not earn even wages, so my husband said, "I am sick of farm life."

He always had wanted to be a dentist, and had spent a year or more with a first class one. When we were mapping out plans for the future, he always said, "I would rather be a dentist, than anything else, but what's the use to think of it. We haven't the means."

To tell the truth, in thinking over all the drawbacks in view, and of those that might turn up, it did look rather hopeless, but we persisted in wanting to take up a dental course, and finally started for the city.

My husband was in the slough of despond, but I was as hopeful as could be, for I knew if we failed in this, there would be some other avenue opened.

After about three years of self-sacrifice by both of us and hard, earnest, honest effort to get through on our own means, we succeeded. I cannot tell the fulness of my joy, the night I saw my husband step forward to receive his diploma, with a class of 70 other students.

We knew how to appreciate this better, perhaps, than many others there, because they had been helped by their parents.

TO ACCOMPLISH IN YOUR OWN STRENGTH AND EFFORTS MEANS MUCH MORE TO ONE THAN TO RELY ON THE HELP OF OTHERS.

The time we lived in one room, about 12 by 14 feet, on the fourth floor back, was at an end. The time I spent in an overall factory—for I soon learned if I secured work I would have to take whatever was offered me in the line of honest labor, even if it wasn't just to my taste or liking, I considered well spent. I was grateful to get work, so that I could help to keep up with our expenses.

As soon as vacation came, my husband took his place in the field of labor. All through the hot summer months we toiled, taking few pleasures, except to walk to the park on our rest day—the Sabbath—and to church in the evening.

That time is past. We are now living in the present; in our own home, with three little children to brighten our pathway and make life worth living, though, if at any time, life seems dull, it is our own making, usually.

OUR HAPPINESS LIES IN OURSELVES, NOT IN SOME FARAWAY FIELD OF PLEASURE SEEKING.

We are trusting our Divine Father to lead and keep us in that way which speaks of an abundant and helpful life to all.

You may think I am a big, stout woman, I talk so much, but my weight is about 90 pounds. It is as Frank Crane said: "The half of strength is faith." We never do anything until we try.—Becky Jane, Ohio.

To this letter was added the following postscript. It was a personal note, but I pass it on, because it gives us a glimpse of Becky Jane at home, and I do not believe she will care:

"Dear Elizabeth—I trust, if you think it worth while to print this, that you will overlook the mistakes. My two boys, aged 3 years and 18 months respectively, helped me to write it, and you know about what kind of help they could give me in letter writing."

There is really no necessity for any comment from me in this case, but on behalf of the management I should like to say that always, when we have the strength of will to persist in any effort for good, the way always opens.

For the information of those who may not know, I will tell you that the Frank Crane who said, "the half of strength is faith," is a noted clergyman of Chicago, and a writer of pulpit editorials for the newspapers.

Well, once more, HERE'S HOPING.—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

The good that you do comes back to you. The bad that you do comes back to you. It is up to you to make your choice which you shall have.

Forget the pain or sorrow that you suffered in the yesterdays. It will do you more harm than good to talk about the used-to-be's today.

The way to bring about universal peace is to be it and live it at home.

A letter from New York state says: "The birds have returned; the bees are buzzing 'round the hives." What is the sign of "doings" like that? The answer is—spring.

Jane Jones said to me: "When you see a woman out digging dandelions, that's the sign she's got the spring hankerin' for a mess o' greens."

I saw one the other day and a little farther on there was a big, fat robin pulling about a yard of worm from the ground.

There is one winter thing I am sorry to say good-bye to, and that is the good-old-fashioned buckwheat cakes a champion pancake maker has been feeding to me ever since the frost got on the pumpkin.

You may think you are only one little drop of life, but, remember, "little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land." You are one of the drops and grains which are helping to make the world.

The way to have universal peace is to begin it at home.

FROM MAZIE

Dear Blade Friends—I hope this will be printed, for I wish all to receive my thanks for the names that have been sent for my twin sister and brother. I think all are very pretty names, but I have not yet decided which to choose. I will write again when the names have been selected and send them to Elizabeth with a photograph of the twins. I have a little sister named Elizabeth.

I received several answers to my letter through the mail, one that I could not answer as there was no address. From Mazie McL., of Virginia.

Be sure to send us the photograph, Maizie.

HOW TO DRESS DUCKS

I will just step in a moment to give you my way to dress ducks. It was given me thirty years ago by an old huckster, who was a success in his line. As this is duck season it may be a help to some. It saves much time.

First, pick off all the the feathers and down, that you wish to save. Scald the duck the same as a chicken. Wrap it up in half of a wool blanket or piece of wool goods for ten minutes. Take out and rub all the down off. You will be surprised to see how fine and smooth it looks. Try it.—D., Ohio.

FROM THE CHILDREN

Dear Boys and Girls of The Blade—As I have not seen many letters from this part of the state, I thought I would write one. I am a girl 14 years of age and am in the eighth grade at school. I am going to give you a description of the town I live in. Towanda, Pa., contains about 4,600 people and is the county seat of Bradford county. It is located on the Susquehanna river and is nearly surrounded by hills. On one side is Table Rock, a high, rocky cliff with a level surface at the top, from which a beautiful view of this town and the surrounding country is obtained.

Looking southward you can see another high mountain on which is located "Tip Top Cabin." From the top of this mountain you can see the country for miles around.

Towanda has three public schools, including the high school, besides a parochial school. We have seven churches, each of a different denomination. Towanda is lighted with electric lights. This town contains two silk mills, a knitting mill, furniture factory, cut glass factory, toy factory and a planing mill, besides a number of smaller industries.

As my letter is getting pretty long, I will stop for this time. From Lennette Crandell, Pennsylvania.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl, 8 years old. Grandpa takes The Blade and we all like it very much. I have two younger sisters. One is 6 and the other 5. We are making maple syrup. We three children are piecing a quilt. I have 32 blocks, Virginia has 21, and Nettie has 19. My grandpa teaches music and my papa belongs to two bands. The first thing I look at is the Cozy Corner. We have been going to school, but since we moved in with grandpa we have not been going. Papa went to band practice tonight. He says he is going to get me a cornet or violin. How I would like to see my cousins in North Dakota, and also all of the little letter writes and also dear Elizabeth.

I believe I will stop, as this is my first letter and see if it lands in the Cozy Corner or the waste basket. —Bernice Martin, West Viriginia.

Dear Blade—I am a boy 12 years old. My father has been a reader of The Blade for four years. I like to read the children's letters. As this is my first letter, I will close, hoping to see this in print.—Arthur Lee Hartsell, Tennessee.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl 9 years old. I have two little brothers. I have three cats. Their names are Samantha, Madge and Bob. We live on a farm near Barden, Indiana. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Hubert Pierce. I like him very much. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My Grandma Gray lives with us. I think all the little boys and girls would like her. She is so sweet and kind. I like The Blade and love to read the children's letters. This is my first letter. I hope I will see it in print.—Zilpah Anna Porter, Indiana.

Dear Blade Readers—Will you let a girl from the Gem state join your happy band? I have been a reader of The Blade for two years.

I wrote a letter to The Blade once before, but I guess it found its way to the waste basket. I am 13 years old. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. I enjoy reading the poems in the Poe's Corner. My letter is getting pretty long, so I will close.—Inez Walton, Idaho.

A BLADE BOY.
GLEN ANDREW RAYMOND COLE, of Toledo.

Take notice that the initials of his given name stand for G. A. R. He's marked to be a good citizen. His grandmother had a hand in that.

Dear Boys and Girls—I have been reading the letters in the Toledo Blade and love to read them. This is the first time I have ventured to write. I am 13 years old. I have lived in the city most of my life. I am taking music lessons on the piano and will soon finish from the teacher I am taking of at present. I would like to correspond with some of the girls; I am sorry to say that Carolyn Howe, Elmira, N. Y., has never answered my letter as she promised to do. I wish she would do so. I am the owner of a very pretty little pony.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will not make it too long. I will sign my name—Amelia E. Wagner, Fairfield, Illinois.

P. S.—I hope to hear from some of the girls, especially from Carolyn Howe.

Dear Friends—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in a place called Riverside in the fruit belt of Michigan. My mamma has read The Blade for over 30 years. My grandpa used to sing a song entitled Ida Lee. That was in The Blade about 30 years ago. We have a piano and I have taken lessons for over two years. I can bake cakes, cookies and biscuits. I hope my letter is not too long.—Fern A. Elston.

Dear Children—I have not seen the last two letters that I wrote, so will write again. I live in northern Wisconsin, in a small city named Antigo. The snow is nearly gone. I go to school every day. We are having examination We will soon have our spring vacation. I hope I will see this in print, as my grandma, who sent me The Blade, watches for my letters. If I see this in print I will write again. I will send my name.—Myrtle Shufelt, Wisconsin.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can.
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

BLADE SCRAP BOOKS

Dear M. G. R.'s—Here I am again on the Merry-Go-Round, with my arms filled with scrapbooks. So many of our members are telling about their scrapbooks, I will tell about mine. I have four. One in which I have kept all of my valentines; one for events that have happened in 1910. These are mostly illustrated newspaper articles. One for cartoons and one for miscellany. I am cutting out the fine stories running in The Toledo Blade, also.

Our Blade publishes good stories, and I am sure we ought to all enjoy them. My family does, and waits anxiously for Thursday and the paper to come.

I wish the M. G. R.'s could have a grand reunion. I am sure we should have a fine time and be a happy band.

This is the second year I have lived here, and I like northern Ohio very well, though New York state still has a place in my heart. Geneva has beautiful homes and is very enterprising. Geneva has a fine summer resort, at the lake, three miles from here, which is visited by many hundreds of people every summer.

I think I will hop off the Merry-Go-Round and let some one else ride in my place. Perhaps I will climb on again if you will let me.—Clara G. Dayton, Ohio.

WHEN YOU FEEL BLUE

As I am alone, and while I bake my bread, I thought I would enjoy writing a few lines to The Blade. When I received my paper this morning, and read the letter from Sis of Ohio, I wondered what her real name is. I formerly lived among the beautiful hills of Vinton county, but at the present time I am living in Hocking county, and in the country where I dearly love to live, and where I can take care of chickens and cows. I like to take care of milk and make butter, but I would rather someone else should do the milking. We have nine cows and expect to get some more.

Sis of Ohio, you spoke of the Ash Cave. That is a place I am very fond of visiting. My husband has never seen it, and we are expecting to go there next summer. We live only about eight miles from it. You spoke of the pleasure-seekers carving their names on the rocks. When we were at the cave about two years ago, my mother called my attention to the names. She had found her brother's name carved on the rock in 1902. It made her feel very lonely, as he was many miles away. This was the name: "Mr. S. R. Boley, Illinois, 1902." When we read his name he was living in North Dakota. I am glad to say he paid us a visit the past fall and bought a farm along dear old Salt creek, in Vinton county, where he will soon move, and where his loved ones will welcome him back.

Well, my letter is growing long, but I want to say, I surely enjoy the letters of this page. When you feel blue, just read a few of the cheerful letters and they put new life in you. I am 27 years old, and have been married 10 years. With every good wish to The Blade and its readers, I will close by signing—A Horse Trader's Wife, Ohio.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I want to say "thank you" to everyone for the good letters that are written to this column.—Elizabeth.

Pretty Girl—Red hair and brown eyes make a beautiful combination. You are welcome to our circle.

Jessie of Tennessee—Thank you for the pretty post card and the lovely message it brought to me. I think you must be a good housekeeper.

Grace Graybeal—You are one of us.

And so are you, C. A., of Venus, Pennsylvania.

Blue Eyes, Tennessee—I did not notice any name signed to your letter, except your nickname. Try again.

Nellie B., Warren, Maine—Your letter is all right.

Remember not to forget to write Household Editor on the envelope of all letters intended for this page.

POETS' CORNER

In the Poets' Corner today, are rhymes and verses which will be good recitations for little boys and girls to speak at the closing of school.

THE CHORUS OF FROGS

One, or several boys may speak this. If they are taught to do a little acting, such as hopping away in the second verse; splashing about in the third, and looking upward in the last as if they were consulting the sky, the recitation will be very entertaining. These are the verses:

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the croaking voice of a frog.
"A rainy day
In the month of May,
And plenty of room in the bog."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frog, as it hopped away,
"The insects feed
On the floating weed,
And I'm hungry for dinner today."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frog, as it splashed about;
"Good neighbors all,
When you hear me call,
It is odd that you do not come out."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"
Said the frogs; "it is charming weather;
We'll come up and sup
When the moon is up,
And we'll all of us croak together."

With a little frog acting, this recitation may be made one that will bring down the house.

THE PENCIL TREE

By Laura E. Richards.

This is a pleasing recitation for three girls either big or little. Each one may speak a verse, and the choruses they may speak together:

Oh, could I find the forest
Where the pencil-trees grow!
Oh, might I see their stately stems
All standing in a row!
I'd hie me to their grateful shade,
In deep, in deepest bliss;
For then I need not hourly hear
A chorus such as this:

CHORUS.

Oh, lend me a pencil, please, mamma!
Oh, draw me some houses and trees, mamma!
Oh, make me a floppy
Great poppy to copy,
And a horsey that prances and gees, mamma!

The branches of the pencil-tree
Are pointed, every one;
Aye! each one has a glancing point
That glitters in the sun.
The leaves are leaves on paper white,
All fluttering in the breeze;
Ah! could I pluck one rustling bough,
I'd silence cries like these:

CHORUS.

Oh, lend me a pencil, do, mamma!
I've got mine all stuck in the glue, mamma!
Oh, make me a pretty
Big barn and a city,
And a cow and a steam-engine, too, mamma!

The fruit upon the pencil-tree
Hangs ripening in the sun,
In clusters bright of pocketknives—
Three blades to every one,
Ah, might I pluck one shining fruit,
And plant it by my door,
The pleading cries, the longing sighs,
Would trouble me no more.

CHORUS.

Oh, sharpen a pencil for me, mamma!
'Cause Johnny and baby have three, mamma!
And this isn't fine,
And Hal sat down on mine,
So do it 'bee-yu-ti-ful-lee, mamma!

In pronouncing "mamma," the accent should be placed on the last syllable in order to give the right swing to the lines.

THE SMALL BOY AND HIS STRING

(He holds up a string as he speaks.)

What can a small boy do with a string?
Well, I should guess about everything:

Make a cat's cradle; tie up a knot
In every place he oughtn't and ought;

Send his kite flying up in the air;
Sail his boat on the pond over there;

Make a stone-sling, and a red top spin;
Catch a small fish with the aid of a pin—

These are a few things, but not nearly all;
So, under his knife, marbles, popgun and ball,

In a boy's pocket the bottommost thing
Is always a piece of good stout string.

THE BOYS WE NEED

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man of heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

By Ella Higginson.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for luck,
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

THE CHICKENS

Said the first little chicken
With a queer little squirm:
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug:
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief:
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a faint little moan:
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here!" said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch!"

THE LITTLE BIRD

(A very small boy or girl may say these words and follow the description in the first line with three jumps on one foot.)

Once I saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop,
So I cried, "Little bird, will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window to say
"How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail and far away he flew.

GOLDEN KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good-morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes, "Good-night" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends do any thing to me,
I use the little "Thank you" key.
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do;
Or, if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me" I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is my motto, "Be ye kind."
I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

PLEASE NOTICE

Be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which we are asked.

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelope of all letters for this page.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness
Good cheer.

A PLEASANT OUTING

Dear Friends—May I call you by that name? I do not suppose I have ever seen any of you, but I have enjoyed your letters now for about one and a half years, so if you will let me, I will join your happy band. I live in old Wisconsin and I think it is about all right, when it is not too cold.

Three years ago we,—my husband and I—left here in February for a trip to New Orleans. Did we enjoy it? Well I should say we did. We took in the Mardi Gras and for once in my life I did not want to go home. We left here in a regular blizzard, zero weather, and three days later, when we arrived in New Orleans, we nearly roasted until we could get into our summer clothes. In the afternoon we went out and picked roses. Think of it—a Wisconsin girl picking roses out of doors in February. Well, when our ship comes in we shall surely go south or west.

I enjoy the letters from Florida Old Man and Captain Jack, ever so much, and I should like to see Rosa Belle and her seven little ones.

I saw a letter not long ago from an aunt of mine in New York. I wonder if she will recognize me. I want to tell you that I have tried some of the recipes in The Blade and have found them fine.—Mrs. A. V., Wisconsin.

FROM A NEBRASKA FRIEND

Dear Friends—This is Sunday afternoon, and I thought I would write a few lines to the Cozy Corner. I like The Blade, and your cheerful letters are what I read first. This is March. I am glad to see spring coming again, it is such a delightful time, and I can get out to work in the garden. I love to feed little calves and little chickens, too, but I do not want them in the garden with me.

I like it very well here in Nebraska. The people are clever and sociable. To Rosa Belle, of Maine, I will send names for her babies, Clarence Albertis and Clara Ethel. These are the names of my two eldest.

I wish to send my recipe for cookies to the sisters. I think it is so good. Two cups of sugar, one cup of lard, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, one of vanilla.

With greetings to friends in West Virginia; with love and best wishes to Elizabeth, I will close.—Belle Dowler, Nebraska.

Much obliged for the "love and best wishes." I'm a grasping monopolist. when it comes to that kind of riches.—Elizabeth.

A WEST VIRGINIAN

Dear Cozy Corner—As I am a reader of The Blade and have been for several years, I thought I would write a letter. I think every reader should be able to write at least one letter to so good a paper.

I am a farmer's wife and live on a farm of 140 acres. It lies on one of the beautiful hills of West Virginia, where the air is always pure and sweet. I have one of the dearest and kindest of husbands and fine, healthy, happy children. I take great pleasure in doing all I can for their happiness, and, in turn, they do a great deal to help me. In spring and summer my two little girls and I spend a lot of our time raising chickens. I hatch them in an incubator and raise quite a number. We have a good market for our farm products. Our best market is Grafton, West Virginia, about five miles distant. I live in a thickly settled neighborhood. I can see from my window about 35 farm dwellings. I can see about two miles of Tygarts Valley river and about the same distance of the B. & O. railroad, as they lie side by side. I can see also, the snow-capped mountains of the Blue Ridge.

I do not believe in writing trouble letters. I think we should forget our troubles as soon as possible, and write only cheerful letters, or something that will lead others to forget their troubles and pass good cheer along.

"Hush;" methinks I can hear someone whisper, "has she come to stay?" so I will make my exit here. With best wishes to The Blade.—Mrs. M. E. Felton, West Virginia.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Who can answer this? Maria McLaughlin McDonald Ritz—Last heard of in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Presumed to have two sisters named McLaughlin, in Chicago. Her son, William McDonald (now John Draper), wants to hear from or of her. Grandmother McLaughlin died 20 years or more ago, in Lockport, Illinois. William longs to hear from his half-brothers and half-sisters, the Ritzes, or of them from any source.—M. L. Phares, Bridgeport, Nebraska.

If anyone can give an answer to the above send it to the one who made the inquiry, not to The Blade—and oblige, Elizabeth.

One of our friends wants to know if anyone has had experience in cultivating the Hellanthi, a new winter vegetable.

Some one was kind enough to write a letter descriptive of the Shenandoah valley. I put it away so carefully, it cannot be found, but it will come to light one of these days, and appear on the Household Page.

Kindly write Household Editor on all letters intended for this page.

A Sportsman's Yarn

By a M. G. R.

As I do not see many letters interesting from a sportsman's standpoint, I believe a fish story would be welcome, providing it's true (?) and interesting.

Now, don't think I caught a string of whales, for I never even hooked one—not to my certain knowledge, I did not. From the fish tales that I have heard related, I realize that this story is about as strong a story as I dare tell without my veracity being questioned.

During February, 1911, myself and two comrades, King and Walter, while in camp on the Ocmulgee river, south Georgia, decided we were in need of fish, and, as it fell to my lot to produce the mess, I immediately went to work. I fashioned a hook from an old horseshoe, placed a three-foot wire on it, to which I fastened my line, a half-inch seagrass rope 40 feet long. I then lit out to look for bait. I soon discovered a small fish about 18 inches long, which I shot and placed on the hook.

My line being tied to an old log near the bank, I mounted the log and gathered my line in readiness for a cast, but, somehow, just then my feet slipped and as the water was eight feet deep I didn't hurt myself by striking the bottom. I came up nothing daunted, pulled myself out and cast again.

While drying myself at the campfire Walter volunteered to watch the line, as King was cooking. All at once we were startled by a wild yell for help. Anticipating some dire danger, we seized our rifles and raced for the river, arriving just in time to see the aforesaid log sliding into the river with Walter standing across it, holding back for all he was worth and yelling at top voice for us to "dig in," and dig we did, so successfully that we grasped his trousers leg as he took a wild plunge. At the same moment I felt a sharp tug at my own foot and knew King had connected with the "string."

Whatever was at the hook-end of the line was heading down stream at terrific speed. We held on tooth and nail for a mile or so till the speed slackened somewhat, and as we passed an old cypress snag near the shore, we managed, by strenuous work, to get a fresh turn about it. But, despite our most determined efforts to hold on, we were jerked loose and were again afloat. At this juncture the fish showed its back above water and Walter, suddenly remembering his pocket gun, yanked it out and let drive. A few wild plunges and the fish stranded on a shallow sandbar. We hurriedly fastened the rope about a tree and proceeded to inspect our prize.

If you can swallow this, we will continue this fish story.—Gadabout.

HARD SOAP

TO the man-being's request for a recipe to make hard soap, we have received the following prompt answers. All are going to be printed, so that none shall feel slighted. Here is the first one:

In answer to a request for making soap, I will send my recipe, which I think is fine.

Four cans Lewis lye; eight gallons of rain water; sixteen pounds of meat scraps or cracklings; five cents worth borax. Put all together in a kettle and boil till it foams up. Strain in something to cool, cut in bars and lay away to dry. This soap gets better after it is older, but it will do to use at once.—A Farmer's Wife, Illinois.

The following is my way of making hard soap, which you may print, as I have no trouble with it. First, take one can of lye. Dissolve in three and a half pints of cold water. Then take five pounds of lard, melted. Let lye cool until it is lukewarm, then stir it in the grease, in an earthen crock. Let stand two days, then cut. It will be very hard and white—Mrs. J. C. Millison, Pennsylvania.

For the man-being of Illinois, who wishes a recipe for hard soap, my advice is to get a can of Lewis lye and follow the directions on the inside wrapper, given for hard soap. He will find he will have the nicest, whitest, hardest soap, within 24 hours, ready for use. Be sure to get the Lewis lye, or B. T. Babbit's potash, as these two I have tried with good results. The soap must be cut before it gets too hard, otherwise it is impossible to cut it. Clear grease is to be used for this soap, and does not require any cooking. I usually take from one quarter, to one half pound less lard than the recipe calls for. This makes a stronger soap and there is no danger of getting too much grease.

Another way is, two boxes of potash, 17 quarts of water, eight pounds of clear grease, or nine pounds of meat rinds or cracklings; one half pound borax; one pound resin. Boil one hour. This is to be made in an iron kettle out of doors. It will shrink very much, but when thoroughly dry, it is very hard. Borax and resin may be left out, as the resin tends to harden the soap.

I have used both these recipes successfully for a number of years. Let me add, that if the grease for either contains any salt, it will separate the lye from the soap, but do not be alarmed, there is no harm done.—Frances, Illinois.

In answer to those wishing a recipe for good, hard soap, I will send one that has been used by all my aunts for many years. We call it, Aunt Eliza's hard soap. To one can of Babbit's potash, add five pounds of grease; five cents worth of borax, and the same of oil of sassafras. Dissolve the can of potash in one quart of rain water over night, then add borax and sassafras. Pour the melted grease in slowly until it is thick as honey. Have paper-lined, wooden boxes to run it in. Paper boxes will do.—C. N. D., Michigan.

I will give a way to make hard soap that is fine. Take five gallons of rain water; eight pounds of grease, any kind will do; two cans red seal lye; one half pound of resin and borax, each.—Mrs. C., Ohio.

MARY CASSIDY'S ELDEST--BY ELIZABETH AYRES

'TWAS ME that had me clothes out on the line, me having done a fine job o' washin', the day bein' that grand, wid a fine wind blowin', bearin' a smell o' green things growin', which they was not, it bein' the month o' March, an' too early for that same.

'Twas me kitchen I'd gave the elegant scrubbin', an' 'twas me that was feelin' meself a worthy woman, settin' forninst me windy, wid the geraniums bloomin' an' watchin' me clothes on the line, which the wind was fillin' that full, let alone Donovan's Sunday shirt, it bein' a white wan, washed agen St. Patrick's Day, when 'twas him that would be marchin' in the parade an' lookin' grand.

Wid the wind fillin' thim shirts an' trousies that full they was seemin' human, 'twas me that was thinkin' they was like me family hung out on the line, whin I seen Mary Cassidy come cuttin' acrost the yard.

"Kape away from thim clothes, Mary Cassidy," says I, hollerin' t'rough the door, it bein' open. "'Tis not for the likes o' you to be buttin' your red head agen thim clothes, me havin' wore me fingers to the bone wid washin' an' rubbin'."

"Sure, an' I'll not, Ann Donovan," says she, wid formality. "Aw 'tis me mind that's half crazy wid worry this day," says she, walkin' in, an' drawin' a sigh that ran the full length o' her.

"Is it?" says I.

"It is," says she.

"Set down," says I, which she done, droppin' herself wid a t'ump. "'Tis me that's down-hearted," says she, settin' widout backbone.

"Are you?" says I.

"I am," says she.

"Has Cassidy been drinkin' again?" says I, wid a wink to meself, me well knowin' 'twas drinkin' that Cassidy was not favorin', him bein' the wan for sober livin', Donovan bein' the same.

"He has not," says she, wid dignity. "'Tis Cassidy that's always the gintleman," says she, speakin' wid proud manners.

"So 'tis wid Donovan," says I, speakin' lofty, leavin' nothin' more to be said.

Wid that, we both gave wan laugh, which same was not long lastin' wid Mary Cassidy, her bein' took sad again, sudden an' widout warnin'.

"What is ailin' you this day, Mary Cassidy?" says I. "Sure 'tis the heart o' Ann Donovan that's achin' for you, an' 'tis her that's not knowin' for why."

"'Tis Mary Cassidy that's half crazy wid worry," says she. "'Tis Katie, me eldest, that's breakin' me heart, an' her not apast sixteen, let alone her bein' that good lookin', 'tis the lads that sit on the fence to see her go by."

"'Tis the truth you do be tellin', Mary Cassidy," says I, feelin' no jealousy, me eldest girl bein' a boy, an' that sassy an' freckled.

"What's ailin' your Katie?" says I.

"'Tis not me that's knowin' for sure," says she wid desperation. "She's that crazy actin', wantin' grand clothes for everyday wearin', an' her gigglin' wan minute, an' actin' mad the next wan, let alone her havin' ratted her hair somethin' fierce. 'Tis me Katie's head that's lookin' ready to drop offen her wid the size an' weight o' that same. 'Tis not me that's knowin' how her neck do be holdin' it on. Aw, 'tis me Katie that's got the swelled head sure, an' me tellin' her true, an' her not listenin', that rats is no longer wore, be thim that's acquainted wid style. 'Twas me that got it offen the lady I accommodate wid washin', her havin' told me that same, an' her bein' a stylish woman."

"Dear, dear!" says I, not havin' anythin' else for the sayin'. "Thim rats always was fierce," says I.

"They was," says Mary Cassidy, "an' to think," says she, wid lamentation, "that rats has came to the Cassidys!" 'Tis a bad sign, Ann Donovan," says she, wavin' her two hands in the air, sad an' sore. "'Tis a bad sign when the head o' your eldest gets ratted, an' her a girl! What do you know about that?"

Wid that, Mary Cassidy looked near to cryin', when 'twas me that was dyin' wid laughin'.

"Aw, Mary Cassidy," says I, "'tis you that's the poor, innocent woman. 'Tis your Katie that's favorin' the boys," says I. "That's why she's gone an' got rats," says I, laughin' till me stomick was sore.

"'Tis the boys that's favorin' me Katie," says she, speakin' wid proudness an' indignation.

"'Tis wan an' the same," says I, "let alone thim settin' on the fence to see her go by, her bein' that good-lookin'," says I, givin' back talk to Mary Cassidy, an' her not havin' wan back word for the answer, which same was a wonder, though 'twas her that was settin' up straight, wid fire in the eyes of her, an' her backbone some stiffer.

"You was young wanct yourself, Ann Donovan," says she, speakin' wid coldness.

"So 'twas wid you, Mary Cassidy," says I, speakin' wid manners.

"'Twas the same wid Donovan," says she.

"So 'twas wid Cassidy," says I. "Sure 'tis always the same wid the boys an' girls. You can't stop thim, not if you knocked the heads offen thim, you couldn't," says I.

"Ain't it the truth?" says Mary Cassidy.

Wid that, we both give a laugh an' sat rockin' to beat the band.

"Aw, Ann Donovan, 'tis you that'll be downhearted, same as me," says she, "when 'tis your eldest that's favorin' the girls. Am I a liar?"

"You are not," says I. "'Tis me that'll be climbin' the wall."

Wid that, Mary Cassidy went home, whilst 'twas me that went an' took me wash offen the line.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, and cure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, STOP-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 or $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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Every man and woman suffering with fagged, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fag, insomnia, neuralg'a, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, many now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

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Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

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Send me by return mail, free of charge a trial package of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.
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THE MARKETS

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, March 28.—Hog receipts were light and the market 5c to 10c higher, local packers the offerings. The market closed strong. Other live stock ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $6.90@7.00; good mediums, $7.00@7.20; heavy yorkers, $7.30@7.40; light yorkers, $7.30@7.40; good mixed, $7.25@7.35; bulk of sales, $7.00@7.40; good pigs, $7.25@7.30; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good 800 to 1,100 lbs., $5.50@5.75; common and light steers, $5.00@5.25; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.00; fair to good cows, $3.75@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $4.00@4.25; choice fat heifers, $5.00@6.00; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $35@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.25@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.50@3.00; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.50@5.00; choice lambs, $6.75.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $7.75@8.00 down; fair to good, $7.00@8.00; common to light, $6.00@7.00; heavy and paffed, $4.00@5.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, March 28.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog recipts, 15 cars; higher; yorkers and pigs, $7.40@7.50; heavy, $6.85@7; calves, $7.75; lambs, $6.50; cattle, $4.75@6.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, March 28.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—Steady. Hogs—Receipts light, active, 10c higher; heavy, $7.00@7.10; mixed, $7.15@7.25; mediums, $7.45@7.50; yorkers, $7.50@7.55; lights and pigs, $7.60@7.65. Sheep—Steady; lambs, $6.75; clipped sheep, $4.25; shorn lambs, $5.50. Calves—Receipts 800, active, 50c lower; top, $7.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, March 28.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 2,500; market steady to strong; beeves, $5.25@6.90; Texas steers, $4.50@5.70; western steers, $4.85@5.80; stockers and feeders, $4.00@5.85; cows and heifers, $2.75@6.00; calves, $5.25@7.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 12,000; market 5c higher; light, $6.85@7.25; mixed, $6.55@7.05; heavy, $6.30@6.85; rough, $6.30@6.50; good to choice heavy, $6.50@6.85; pigs, $6.60@7.20; bulk of sales, $6.60@6.90. Sheep, receipts estimated at 14,000; market steady; native, $3.00@5.35; western, $3.25@5.40; yearlings, $4.60@5.65; lambs, native, $5.00@6.40; western, $5.25@6.50.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 28.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead)—Cattle, two cars. Hogs, 10 cars; market strong; heavy, $7.10@7.20; yorkers, $7.50; pigs, $7.60. Sheep, 10 cars; market steady; best lambs, $5.75@6.85; yearlings, $5.50@6.00. Calves, $5.00@8.50.

Boston Wool.

Boston, March 28.—The Boston wool market continues dull and depressed, with buyers in command of the situation. Some fairly large sales are reported in territory stock, but fleece wools are in light demand, and there is no business in washed clothing or staple fleeces. Fine staple territory is quoted at 38 to 40 cents, scoured and fine medium from 43c to 52c. What Ohio has changed hands has been in three-eighths blood at 27c to 28c. There has been scarcely any business in Texas or California wools. New Arizona wool is coming in slowly, and is held locally at 19c to 20c. There is no bidding here for wool on the sheep's back. Pulled wool is also dull, but the foreign product brings some inquiry.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 28.—Early developments in wheat were characterized by tameness. The market at the outset was a shade firmer, with higher cables. Liverpool derived strength from lighter receipts in the last few days, and a firmer feeling in Buenos Ayres. Broomhall's crop summary indicated favorable conditions in almost all the leading countries. Toledo cash opened unchanged at 89½c, May ⅝c advanced at 89⅝c, July ¼c higher at 89⅝c and September ⅝c up at 89¾c.

Wheat derived some strength on bad reports from the southwest. Selling by bears brought on a break. Cash demand was reported limited and the public apears as indifferent as ever. Cash closed ¾c off at 87⅝c, May ⅝c down at 88⅝c, July ⅝c lower at 89c, and September ¼c off at 89½c.

Corn opened steady in the near month and ⅛c advanced in the two more remote futures. May starting at 49c, July at 51½c and September at 52⅝c.

The early advance was due to export demand for kiln dried corn, but later selling by bears caused a break. Closes: Cash, 48c; May, 49c, July, 51½c, September, 52⅝c.

Oats opened about steady with May at 33½c, July at 32½c and Sept at 32c.

Good sales of cash at Chicago helped the market. Cash oats closed at 32¾c, May at 33½c, July at 32¾c, and September at 32c.

Clover seed receipts were 280 bags and shipments 1,150 bags. Save for a decline of 2½c in cash and March, initial prices showed no change from the previous close. Cash and May opened at $9.20, April at $8.55 and Oct and Dec. at $7.75.

Eastern demand is still limited. Weather is wintry and consequently against the movement. Save for an advance of 2½c in the two remote futures, clover seed was steady, with yesterday's finals at the close.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— Mar.28.	Mar.27.
Cash	88½	....	....	87⅝	88½
May	89⅜	....	....	88⅝	89½
July	89⅝	....	....	89	89⅝
Sept.	89⅝	....	....	89¼	89⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	48	47¾
May	49	49¼	....	49	49
July	51⅞	....	....	51¼	51
Sept.	52⅝	....	....	52⅝	52½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	32⅝	32⅝
May	33½	33⅝	....	33½	33½
July	32½	....	....	32⅛	32⅝
Sept.	32	....	....	32	32
Clover Leaf—					
Cash 9.20		....	....	9.22½	9.22½
March ..9.20		....	....	9.22½	9.22½
April ...8.55		....	....	8.55	8.55
Oct. 7.55		7.80	....	7.77½	7.75
Dec 7.75		7.80	....	7.77½	7.75
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	90	90
No. 3....	....	....	....	85	85
Timothy—					
Prime....	....	....	....	5.50	5.50
Alsike—					
Prime....	....	....	....	9.10	9.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	88¼	88⅝	....	87⅝	88
July	88⅛	88⅝	....	87⅝	88
Sept.	88⅞	88⅝	....	87⅞	88¼
Corn—					
May	48¼	48⅜	47⅞	48¼	48¼
July	49⅝	50¼	49⅝	49⅝	49⅝
Sept.	50⅞	50⅝	....	50⅛	51
Oats—					
May	30¼	30⅜	....	30⅝	30⅝
July	30⅜	31⅞	....	30⅞	30⅜
Sept.	30⅝	31⅛	....	30⅛	30⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	95¼	95½	....	94¾	95¼
July	94⅝	95	....	94½	94½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	87⅝	87⅛	87	87⅛	87⅝
July	86¼	....	....	86⅛	86¾

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	93⅝	94
July	....	....	....	95⅛	95½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	94⅞	95
July	....	....	....	85⅞	96

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	91⅝	91½
July	....	....	....	92⅝	92⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	16.00	16.05	....	15.70	16.00
July	15.70	15.77	....	15.40	15.67
Lard—					
May	8.67	....	....	8.55	8.65
July	8.65	....	....	8.52	8.62
Sept.	8.62	....	....	8.50	8.57
Ribs—					
May	9.00	....	8.87	8.90	8.97
July	8.65	....	....	8.47	8.62
Sept.	8.55	....	....	8.42	8.50

Cotton.

New York, March 28.—The cotton futures opened steady; March, 14.22c; April, 14.25c; May, 14.34c; July, 14.11c; August, 13.65c; October, 12.56c; December, 12.43c; January, 12.41@12.49c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 1 to 6 points, owing to better cables than expected, but soon weakened under a renewal of yesterday's selling movement and before the end of the first half hour sold into new low ground, with May touching 14.25 and July 14.06, or about 4 points under the closing figures of last night. Covering and a renewal of bull support checked the decline around this level and caused a rally to about last night's closing figures, but the tone of the market showed little improvement; fluctuations being nervous and irregular during the middle of the morning.

A renewal of general liquidation and increased pressure from local bears caused renewed weakness during the late forenoon, and prices went off to a net loss of 5 to 8 points on the old crop months. The new crop continued relatively steady, holding well up to the closing figures of last night. Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 14.40c nominal. Estimated receipts at the ports today, 9,000 bales, against 9,997 last week, and 18,775 last year. For the week, 45,000 bales, against 40,618 last week and 93,147 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 3,059 bales, against 9,198 last year, and at Houston 2,914 bales, against 2,378 last year.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 28.—(Wall Street.)—Some impetus was given the stock market today by the strength of Americans in London and trading at opening was more active than for some time. Union Pacific gained a point, opening with sales of 2,500 shares, and Canadian Pacific and International Harvester advanced a like amount. Erie and Reading gained ¾ and Northfolk & Western, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste Marie, New York Central, United States Steel and Great Northern ore Certificates ½.

Some extensive realizing followed the initial advances, but the market took these sales well and even went a trifle higher before the upward movement ceased. Some large blocks changed hands, especially of United States Steel, which rose 79¼. Trading quieted materially before the end of the first hour, but prices were firmly held at the opening level. American Woolen lost a point.

After a long period of extreme dullness, the stock market became much more active this morning. In the first hour about as much was done as in the entire five hours of yesterday's session. The initial upward impulse seemed to come from London, where prices rose briskly over night, although there were some doubt as to whether this was due to buying for English account or to operations of New York traders in the London market. Other considerations that heped toward higher prices were the general promising outlook for crops, the feeling that the Mexican situated would now be speedily adjusted, and the bullish gossip affecting individual stocks, particularly Canadian Pacific and Norfolk & Western. Midday prices showed general gains of ½ to a point from yesterday's close. The bond market was firm.

New York Stocks.

New York, March 28, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	120	120½	120	120
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	119	119	119	119
Atchison	109⅞	110½	109⅝	110¼
Am. Car and F. Co.	53½	53½	53½	53½
Anaconda	38¼	38⅞	38¼	38⅞
Amal Copper	64⅝	65⅞	64⅝	64
Am. Smelters	76	76¼	75⅞	76¼
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	57¾	58	57⅝	57¾
Am. Steel Fdy.	47½	47½	47½	47½
Am. Tel. and Tel.	147	147⅝	147	147⅝
Am. Tobacco pfd.	98	98	97¼	97½
Am. Cotton Oil	60⅝	60⅝	59⅝	59⅝
Am. Beet Sugar	45⅝	45⅝	45⅛	45⅛
Biscuit com.	129	129	129	129
Balt. and Ohio	104¼	104¼	104	104¼
Rlyn. R. Trans.	78⅝	78⅝	78⅝	78⅞
Cast I. Pipe com.	17⅝	17⅝	17⅜	17⅝
Beth Steel com.	32½	32½	32½	32½
Chicago G. W. pfd.	44⅛	44½	44⅛	44⅜
Canadian Pac.	222½	224	222	224
Clover Leaf	21⅞	21½	21¼	21¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	49⅝	50⅜	49⅜	50⅜
Ches. and Ohio	82	82½	81⅝	82⅜
Central Leather	29¼	29⅞	29¼	29⅞
Consolidated Gas	146¼	146¼	145⅞	146⅝
Can pfd.	81¼	81¾	81	81
Corn Product com.	14¼	14¼	14¼	14¼
Distillers Sec.	36½	36⅞	36¼	36⅞
Erie com.	29⅜	29⅝	29⅛	29⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	48¼	48⅝	48¼	48⅝
Gt. Northern pfd.	127¾	127¾	127¼	127¼
Gt. Northern Ore.	63	63⅛	62⅝	62⅝
Ill. Central	136½	136½	136½	136½
Int. Harvester com.	117¼	117½	117¼	117½
Interborough com.	19	19	18⅝	18⅝
Interborough pfd.	53¾	53¾	53¼	53½
K. C. Sou. com.	34¾	34¾	34¼	34¼
Louis. and Nash.	145	145½	145	145¾
Laclede Gas	103¼	104	103¼	104
Mex. Marine pfd.	17⅝	17½	17⅜	17⅜
Missouri Pacific	52⅜	53	52½	52⅝
M. S. M.	148¾	148⅝	148	148⅞
M. K. & T. com.	33⅞	34⅜	33⅝	34⅜
North. Pacific	124¾	125	124½	125
National Lead	53⅜	53⅝	53⅛	53½
Nevada Con's	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝	18⅝
Northwestern	145¼	145½	145	145¼
N. Y. Central	108¾	108⅝	108¼	108¼
N. & W. com.	106¾	106¾	106¼	106¼
N. & W. Con. 4's	108⅜	109½	108⅜	109½
Ont. & Western	41⅝	41⅝	41⅜	41⅜
Penn. Ry.	126⅜	126⅜	126	126⅜
Pacific Mail	24½	24½	24½	24½
People's Gas Co.	107¾	107¾	107¼	107¼
Reading com.	157⅜	158	157⅜	157¾
Rock Island	30	30½	30	30¼
Rock Island pfd.	60¾	60¾	60¾	60¾
Rep. I. & S. Co.	33⅜	33⅜	33⅜	33⅜
Rep. I. & S. pfd.	97½	97½	97½	97⅝
Ry. Steel Springs	34	34	34	34
South. Ry. pfd.	65	65½	65	65½
St. Paul	122	122½	122	122½
South. Pacific	117⅜	118¼	117⅜	118¼
Texas Pacific	29¼	29¼	29	29¼
Tenn. Copper	38¾	38¾	38¾	38¾
Union Pacific	177¼	178¼	177¼	178
Union Pacific pfd.	92½	94¼	92½	94¼
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	105	105½	105	105½
U. S. Steel com.	79¼	79¾	79¼	79¾
U. S. Steel pfd.	119½	119¾	119½	119¾
U. S. Steel 5's	105⅜	105⅜	105½	105¾
U. S. Rubber com.	42¼	42¾	42¼	42¼
Utah Copper	44¾	45¼	44¾	45¼
Virginia Chem.	66⅜	66½	66⅜	66½
Western Md.	50¼	50½	50¼	50½
Wabash pfd.	38	38¼	37⅞	37⅞
Western Union	73	73¼	73	73⅛

Cleveland Produce.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cleveland, March 28.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 26½@27c; prints, 27½@28c; firsts, 25@25½c; seconds, 23@23½c; fancy dairy, 17½@18½c; choice, 14½@15½c; process, extras, 21@21½c; process, firsts, 20@20½c; prnts, 1c extra; packing, 14@15c. Cheese—Full cream, fancy York state, 16@16½c; Ohio full cream, 14½@15c; Swiss, No. 1, 18@19c; No. 2, 15@16c; brick, 15@16c; limburger, 16@17c. Eggs—Fresh gathered, extra firsts, 17½c; do. firsts, 17c; do. current receipts, 15½c; do. seconds, 13c; dirty eggs, 25@28c. Poultry—Alive, chickens, 16½@17c; ducks, 19@20c; geese, 13@15c.

New York Produce.

New York, March 28.—Flour quiet. Rye nominal. Wheat—Light northwest receipts, steady. Liverpool cables good decrease in the European visible, firmness of outside markets and demand from shorts caused a slight advance in wheat early today. May, 95⅛@95 5-16c; July, 94⅜@94 13-16c. Beef steady. Pork steady. Lard firm; middle west, $8.80@8.90, nominal. Raw sugar easy; Muscovado, 89 test., 3.42c; centrifugal, 96 test., 3.92c; molasses, 89 test, 3.17c; refined steady. Petroleum steady. Spot coffee quiet. Molasses steady. Hay quiet.

Poultry—Dressed, irregular; roasting chickens, 15@20c; fowls, 14½@16c; turkeys, 15@20c. Butter, weak, receipts 10,035; creamery special, 32c; extras, 31½c, first, 18½@20c; creamery held, special, 20@20½c; state dairy, finest, 21@21½c; good to prime, 18@20c; common to fair, 15@17c; process, special, 18c; extras, 17½c; first, 16@16½c; factory, current make, first, 15¾@16c; seconds, 14½@15c. Cheese, steady, unchanged, receipts 2,185. Eggs, irregular, receipts 5,038; state, Pennsylvania and nearby bennery, white, 18@20c; do. gathered white, 17@18c; do. bennery brown, 17½@18c; do. gathered brown, 16@17c; western gathered white, 17@18½c; storage packed, firsts, 16½@16¾c.

DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with
ABSORBINE JR.
A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass. before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz. $2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

FITS!

To prove to any sufferer that Epilipsy can be cured, we, will send you four weeks' treatment free. Write today, with P. O., and Express address, No. 58 Detroit St. Flint, Mich., Kiro Remedy Co.

MORPHINE

and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habitue by mail, in plain wrapper. Regular price $2.00. **Free**
DELTA CHEMICAL COMPANY
1177 Holland Building St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

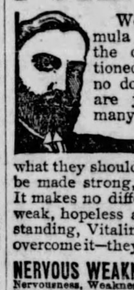
BED WETTING, getting up at night, all ages cured. Trial treatment of PEN-INE and full advice for curing all Urinary Diseases free. The Missouri Remedy Co., Block 12, St. Louis, Mo.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia Conqueredat Last Chase's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof, Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRUSSES Made easy and comfortable; elastic stockings, bandages, crutches. Catalog free. Penn Truss Co., successors to Phila. Truss & Bandage Co., 223 S. 6th, Philadelphia.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT



We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for,

what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Lost Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Weak Back, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing 100 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 10B Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

ECZEMA GONE, BOILS CURED

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under his treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged, and as I had read of Cuticura Remedies and testimonials of a great many people who had used them with wonderful success, I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone. During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, nothing else, and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson st., Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 24, 1910.

ARMY READY TO MOVE

President Is Waiting for Consent of Congress to Intervene in Mexico.

"Washington, D. C., March 28.—The President, it is stated on the highest authority, is merely waiting upon the consent of congress before intervening with the military to put an end to the insurrection in Mexico.

The intervention far from being distasteful to the Diaz government is likely to be asked for by President Diaz himself.

President Taft laid the Mexican situation before his cabinet today.

Before doing so, he conferred with leading members of the foreign relations committee of the senate, and gave them the benefit of all correspondence and other information of a confidential character relating to the Mexican situation.

One of the Republican senators, William Alden Smith, of Michigan, a member of the foreign relations committee, who saw the President today, said:

"The President has gone as far as it is possible for him to go at this time. He has mobilized the army on the Mexican border. If the military movement is to go further congress must authorize it. But conditions in Mexico are worse than is popularly believed. It amounts to anarchy. The Diaz government appears to be powerless. It may turn out to be a fortunate thing that the extra session of congress was called to meet so early regardless of the question of Canadian reciprocity."

JUAREZ AMUSES FAIRBANKS

He Sees Mexican Soldiers Keep Away From Danger.

Indianapolis, March 24.—Former Vice President Fairbanks reached home yesterday from a long western trip taken for health.

"With an El Paso friend," he said, "I went over into Juarez. In the middle of the town I saw many soldiers on the roofs of buildings. Around the edges of the roofs were sand bags piled high for breastworks. It was rather novel to see Mexican soldiers take up their position in the middle of the town. In our country soldiers would be at the outskirts to keep the enemy from entering. The Mexican troops were in a safe position and free from danger of getting hurt."

NO MORE WHISKY ADVERTISING

SPECIAL IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT OF

THE TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC, ST. LOUIS, MO.

In making the announcement that advertisements of intoxicating liquors will not be printed in the columns of The Twice-a-Week Republic the editor feels confident that it will meet with the approval of practically all its own subscribers. This will be good news to most of our readers. The Twice-a-Week Republic is the oldest, biggest and best metropolitan semi-weekly newspaper in the United States, and by cutting out this line of advertising it should greatly increase its circulation.

This step means a heavy loss in advertising revenue, but it will be more than compensated for by the added esteem in which The Twice-a-Week Republic will be held by its thousands of readers and those who will become regular readers when they find liquor advertising has been eliminated.

ONE YEAR 50 CENTS---3 YEARS FOR $1.00

Right now, when State Legislatures are in session and Congress about to have a special session, is the time everyone needs a thoroughly reliable, live, enterprising semi-weekly newspaper. Subscribe now for three years and you will get all the news in detail of the important legislation in every State as well as all the Washington news. This will also take you through and beyond the next national campaign, including all the live and interesting preliminary skirmishes beginning now and the finals of the election in November, 1912.

The Twice-a-Week Republic, the oldest, biggest and best semi-weekly newspaper in the West, has for more than a quarter of a century enjoyed the confidence of more than 150,000 subscribers—one-half million readers. It gives the news of the world completely, accurately and in an entertaining style. Every department is directed by men trained in the school of experience. Its editors are capable and alert in the interests of their readers. Special news facilities of The Twice-a-Week Republic cover every hamlet and every part of the globe, and its readers are constantly kept informed of all the great movements of the day, as well as the happenings of their particular localities.

The latest, best and most accurate market reports obtainable ar e printed in every issue.

WRITE A POST CARD FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY.

TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo. T. B.

Inclosed find $.....for which send me your paper.....years.

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route No.....Box No.....State.....

TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo. T. B.

I heartily approve of your discontinuing liquor advertisements and want to help you increase your circulation. Please send me free, your liberal cash commission offer to club raisers and a few sample copies and I will try to raise a club for you.

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route No.....Box No.....State.....

LOG TELLS OF FATEFUL TRIP

New York, March 24.—Written in the usual perfunctory log of the steamship President Lincoln, in today from Europe, is a series of marine happenings which kept the liner's passengers in a stress of excitement almost throughout the entire voyage.

The President Lincoln came into Quarantine a day late, having battled with storms and head winds all through her 12 days' trip from Hamburg. The big steamship tried to touch at Cherbourg to take on passengers and mails, but the tender was unable to come alongside and the liner proceeded.

About longitude 23 degrees the storm took on hurricane proportions, creating waves that came over the ship's sides and swept along decks. So turbulent were the combers that oil was used.

Last Saturday a steerage passenger, Schlerme Lewin, a young lad, oppressed by the heavy weather, threw himself overboard. Efforts to save him were futile. Another steerage passenger attempted suicide by slitting his throat, but the ship's surgeon saved his life.

PRISONER GLAD NAME IS JONES

Acquitted Because Three Jurors on His Case Were Joneses, Too.

Los Angeles, March 24.—Three philanthropic jurors—namesakes of the prisoner upon whose guilt on the charge of vagrancy they had been summoned to pass—was the good fortune which met Frank Jones when he appeared for trial before Police Judge Frederickson today.

Jones was discharged. Besides being liberated, Jones received a $3 purse collected at the instance of Jones' namesakes.

The first talesman called to act as a juror responded to the name of John Jones. Jones, the prisoner, settled back and smiled. The second talesman answered to the name E. F. Jones. The prisoner continued to smile. After other talesmen had been selected, W. L. Jones was chosen as a juror and also foreman of the juror.

Jones, the pris

For Sprains "Gave Me Instant Relief"

"I fell and sprained my arm and was in terrible pain. I could not use my hand or arm without intense suffering until a neighbor told me to use Sloan's Liniment. The first application gave me instant relief and I can now use my arm as well as ever."—MRS. H. B. SPRINGER, 921 Flora St., Elizabeth, N. J.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer — heals cuts, burns, wounds, and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

25c., 50c. and $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

FISH BITE Like Hungry Wolves Any season of the year if you use MAGIC FISH LUCK. Best bait ever invented for all kinds of fish. If you like to catch a big string every time you go fishing write to me and get a box of this wonderful bait to help introduce it in your locality. RENO FISH CO., Dept. T. 2. Friend, Neb.

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS ---That are successful---bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for FREE PARTICULARS. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 209. Washington, D. C.

PRINT FOR YOURSELF Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save Money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog. TYPE, cards, paper. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

100 POST CARDS FREE Highest quality Easter, Floral, Birthdays, &c. Sample package and plan, 4c. W. GALLATINN, YORK, PA.

LEARN automobile business. We teach you at home. Get you $25 weekly job; $10 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, Dept. 1423, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN; WOMEN—Make money around home during spare time, selling Mentholo by leaving with families on trial. Sample free; credit given. Leighton Supply, Allegheny, Pa.

WILL SOON WED BILLY HITT

Katherine Elkins, It Is Said, Is to Announce Engagement.

Washington, March 24.—Washington society is confidently expecting within the near future the announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Elkins and William Hitt, Jr. The information came from a source very close to the Elkins family and it is said that the marriage will be an extremely quiet one on account of Miss Elkins, recent bereavement.

Washington also is interested in the report that Miss Maude Ashford, who one time was the fiancee of the multimillionaire former senator from West Virginia, Henry Gassaway Davis, is engaged to her girlhood sweetheart, Samuel Ferguson, son of the former United States minister to Sweden.

142 LIVES ARE LOST IN NEW YORK FACTORY FIRE

New York, March 27.—Saturday's fire in the 10-story Arch building was the most appalling horror since the Slocum disaster, the Iroquois theatre fire in Chicago, and the Collinwood school fire. Every available ambulance in Manhattan was called upon to cart the dead to the Morgue—bodies charred to unrecognizable blackness or reddened to a sickly hue—as was to be seen by shoulders or limbs protruding through flame-eaten clothing. Men and women, boys and girls were of the dead that littered the street; that is actually the condition—the streets were littered.

The fire began in the eighth story. The flames licked and shot their way up through the other two stories. All three floors were occupied by the Triangle Waist Co. The estimate of the number of the employes at work is made by Chief Croker at about 1,000. The proprietors of the company say 700 men and girls were in their place.

Whatever the number, they had no chance of escape. Before smoke or flame gave signs from the windows the loss of life was fully under way. The first signs that persons in the street knew that these three top stories had turned into red furnaces in which human creatures were being caught and incinerated was when screaming men and women and boys and girls crowded out on the many window ledges and threw themselves into the streets far below.

They jumped with their clothing ablaze. The hair of some of the girls streamed up of flame as they leaped. Thud after thud sounded on the pavements. It is the ghastly fact that on both the Greene street and the Washington place sides of the building there grew mounds of the dead and dying.

And the worst horror of all was that in this heap of the dead now and then there stirred a limb or sounded a moan.

Bending Over Machines.

Within the three flaming floors it was as frightful. There flames enveloped many so that they died instantly. When Fire Chief Croker could make his way into these three floors he found sights that utterly staggered him—that sent him, a man used to viewing horrors, back and down into the street with quivering lips.

The floors were black with smoke. And then he saw as the smoke drifted away bodies burned to bare bones. There were skeletons bending over sewing machines.

Nor where these—burned without a chance to save themselves—the full expression of the awful thing that had occurred. When the flames had shot their way into the elevator shaft so that the brave young men in charge of the cars no longer dared to go up for fear the heat would snap the cables, men and boys by the dozen, utterly crazed, threw themselves into this shaft.

There was no reason in it. They were sure to perish. But it was the only place of escape from the red hell behind. It was the only place where they could breathe.

Madly they flung themselves down the shaft. It offered just another breath of life. Police and firemen turned away sick at the sight of these elevator shafts piled six stories high with the outflung, distorted bodies of the dead.

Elevator Boys Saved Hundreds.

The elevator boys saved hundreds. They each made 20 trips from the time of the alarm until 20 minutes later when they could do no more. Fire was streaming into the shaft, flames biting at the cables. They fled for their own lives.

Some—about 70—chose a successful avenue of escape. They clambered up a ladder to the roof. A few remembered the fire escape. Many may have thought of it but only as they uttered cries of dismay.

Wretchedly inadequate was this fire escape. A lone ladder running down a rear narrow court, which was smoke filled as the fire raged, one narrow door giving access to the ladder. By the score they fought and struggled and breathed fire and died trying to make that needle-eye road to self-preservation.

Shivering at the chasm below them, scorched by the fire behind, there were some that still held positions on the window sills when the first squad of the firemen arrived.

The nets were spread below with all promptness. Citizens were commandered into the service—as the firemen necessarily gave their attention to the one engine and hose of the force that first arrived.

The catapult force that the bodies gathered in the long plunges made the nets utterly without avail. Screaming girls and men as they fell tore the nets from the grasp of the holders and the bodies struck the sidewalks and lay just as they fell. Some of the bodies ripped big holes through the life-nets.

Half Are Unrecognizable.

At least half of the corpses were unrecognizable and only a small trinket, a shred of clothing, will help to show who the unfortunate was. Some of these bodies probably will never be claimed. The victims, living alone in furnished rooms or little flats, may have had no friends and few acquaintances.

Managers of the Triangle Waist Co., which occupied the burned floors, deny today that the iron doors leading to the elevators and stairs were locked. The fact that there was only one fire escape on the building will come in for a careful investigation to determine what city official is to blame.

Code Needs a Change.

Borough President McAneny today, reviewing the investigation made following the recent Newark fire horror, said that the Asch building was not included in the list of those buildings returned as having inadequate fire escape facilities.

"This might well be," said Mr. McAneny, "for the reason that, technically, the building appears to conform to the code. The natural conclusion is, or ought to be, that the code should suffer radical amendment."

Gaynor Heads Relief Fund.

Progress has been made by public and civic organizations toward offerings relief to those who have suffered as a result of the fire. The first contribution in this movement was made by Mayor Gaynor, who headed the list with $100 and made an appeal to the citizens of the city for a relief fund. Industrial organizations, theatres and civic bodies have also set in motion plans for supplementing the fund.

Fire Chief Croker said today:

"I do not hesitate to say that a more appalling loss of life in office buildings and big stores is likely to come upon New York at any moment because of the lack of safeguards."

CENTURY'S BIG FIRES.

Year. Place	Number.
1811—Theatre at Richmond, Va	70
1847—Ducal Theatre, Baden	63
1876—Brooklyn Theatre	295
1881—Ring Theatre, Vienna	700
1881—Theatre, St. Petersburg	700
1881—Municipal Theatre, Nice	150
1883—Curens Ferroni, Russian Poland	268
1887—Opera Comique, Paris	20
1887—Exeter Theatre, England	200
1891—Theatre, Philadelphia	10
1897—Charity Bazar, Paris	300
1897—Benton Harbor, Mich., theatre	11
1897 Cincinnati theatre panic	16
1897—Aberdeen, Scotland, theatre	10
1901—Theatre, Milwaukee	11
1903—Iroquois Theatre, Chicago	600
1904—Steamer Slocum burned, New York	650
1905—Convent fire, Montreal, Quebec	13
1906—San Francisco fire	1,000
1908—Barnsley, Eng., theatre	16
1908—Boyertown, Pa., theatre	167
1908—North Collinwood, O., school	171
1908—Hotel, Fort Wayne	12
1909—Flores Theatre, Mexico City	270
1910—Paterson, N. J., factory	30
1910—Stockyards, Chicago	29
1910—Los Angeles Times	50
1910—Fish furniture, Chicago	12
1911—St. Petersburg, 5-cent theatre	120
1911—Chamber of Commerce, Cincinnati	6
1911—Connellsville, Pa., store	5
1911 Milwaukee, factory	4
1911—New York, factory	142

IN SORROW, SEEKING THE LOST, TREAD LANE OF DEATH

New York, March 27.—At 6 o'clock Sunday morning, just as the sun was rising, there were 500 frantic people alternately storming and beseeching to be let in at the gate of the improvised morgue on the pier of the Charities dock, at the foot of 26th street, where the victims of Saturday's fire were laid out.

All day there rumbled a steady stream of dead wagons along the approach to the pier, taking away those that had been claimed. The air went stale with an ordor of burnt flesh and for a time the pier was cleared. During the brief recess heavy-eyed attendants rearranged the baskets of personal effects belonging to the victims. There was more than $4,500 in cash in the pockets and purses of the dead. One woman had $800 in her stocking.

Hospital doors were stormed by hundreds during the day and night. A cutter, whose sister worked a few feet away from him in the doomed factory, inquired for her every half hour at St. Vincent's hospital. She died between his visits, and he became so violent that the police had to restrain him. He and she had planned to welcome their aged parents from Russia to the new world this week. The parents are on the sea now.

Women Die Side by Side.

A woman and a girl, who lay dying side by side, whispered to sympathetic nurses their stories of the disaster, rushing their words in a rapid stream, as if fearful that death would check the recital. The girl died murmuring her gruesome tale; the woman lingered, became delirious and begged the nurses to release her.

"Why am I here? What have I done?" she moaned as she sank back into a troubled sleep, which the surgeons said would be her last.

Scenes of desolation and despair, of grief and hysteria and of silent woe marked each identification at the pier. Twenty nurses and half as many young surgeons from Bellevue hospital were on duty continuously to look after those to whom temporary unconsciousness came as their feelings overcame them at the sight of the remains of a loved one in one of the wooden boxes.

Curiosity Brings Out Crowds.

Along toward noon there began to arrive at the morgue great crowds of the morbidly curious, who knew no one who worked in the building of tragedy, and who came merely to "see the sights."

There were frock coated young men carrying canes, who laughed and chatted with well dressed girls as the line jostled slowly toward the pier entrance—young couples who had read the morning papers before starting for their Sunday stroll. And there were many of these girls who entered the shedded pier laughing who, after a moment of looking at the horrors, fell in a faint to the floor.

Those who wished to go inside the temporary morgue were made to stand in single file. In spite of piteous appeals from some of the mothers and fathers, who begged to be allowed inside at once, the rule that all must take their turn in the line was adhered to. Exceptions were made in a few cases only. That was when some old and feeble woman whose overwrought nerves left her with hardly enough strength to stand made a quavering request that she search for some missing relative in the house of dead.

Wealthy Morbid Ones Come.

Several examples of what morbid curiosity will do were presented. At times an automobile with fashionably dressed women in it would wend its way to the crowds until stopped by the cordon of police at the pier entrance. Then the occupants would lean out and request in a matter of fact way that they be allowed to go inside and view the bodies. When told that they would have to take their place at the foot of the line they told their chauffeurs to drive on.

Only about 25 were allowed inside at one time. Then each person was watched closely as they passed slowly around the coffins. A nurse hovered at the side of each woman, for hundreds fainted, some through horror alone. One young woman who was looking for her sister, fainted three times befre she was able to go the entire length of the pier. Then when she finally recognized the blackened features on the body of a young woman in one of the coffins, she gazed at it in stony silence for a few moments, finally nodding her head when asked if she had found what she had come to look for.

Moan Tells of Identification.

Sometimes as long as half an hour nothing more would be heard than the shuffling of feet as the little groups of 25 moved through the place, supplemented occasionally by a moan, signifying another identification had occurred. At other times a woman would push her way in, crying forth a name hysterically, to be followed by shriek after shriek as she came upon the coffin containing the remains of the missing one. In many cases the women would fling themselves upon someb lackened corpse and refuse to let go for some time.

In one case a woman whose frantic search brought her face to face with the charred remains of her daughter ran shrieking to the edge of the pier and was about to leap into the water when Capt. O'Connor caught her. She fought wildly until dragged back, and then fainted.

Many men fainted. The grief of the men had a more tragic aspect than that of the women. Some of them would stand silently in front of a coffin wringing their hands. Tears would stream down their faces, and at first when asked a question they would be unable to reply except by a nodding of the head. Others would give vent to their grief by hoarse, broken sobs, while at times both men and women would fall on their knees and begin to pray hysterically.

Sees Her Face in Watch.

A pale girl bent over a misshapen mass long and doubtingly. Then, with a final effort, she grasped a hand which protruded from beneath the canvas and with a shriek collapsed. The blackened mass, she sobbed, had been her sweetheart, to whom she had become engaged the night before the disaster. A ring on his finger told her of his identity. She asked if the dead man had a watch. They brought it to her; she opened it and gazed at her own features.

Twenty Sicilian women became hysterical at once upon recognizing their kin in the pine coffins. A man whose face was marked by a sear of flame found his brother among the dead. The two had worked side by side pouring water upon the fire. A cutter identified his dead sweetheart by their engagement ring and her purse. It contained her week's wages, $3.

Left Without a Relative.

The bodies of two sisters, horribly mangled, sat propped up in their coffins while a sobbing brother left them to search for his aged mother, who also had perished. The fire had left him without a relative.

The bodies of the two girls had been found in the bottom of the elevator shaft in the building locked in each other's arms and were identified as Julia and Sarah Maltese. Serafino Maltese, the father, and his son, Joseph, made the identifications.

"We are also looking for our mother," said the boy, whose face was as white as chalk, "but we can't find her."

A thorough examination of all the bodies of women was made, but there was no trace of that of Mrs. Maltese. Her body is also believed to be in the building, and was possibly utterly destroyed in the flames. The mother's name is Catherine and she worked on the same floor with her two daughters. The firemen who found the bodies of the girls, however, said that there was no body of a woman near them.

Slocum Coffins Used.

After the bodies were removed from the burned building it took several hours to get them in presentable shape. In the meantime the red stained coffins which were hastily nailed together seven years ago to accommodate the victims of the Slocum disaster were brought over from Blackwell's Island and once more pressed into service. As soon as the boxes had been tagged the order was given to admit those in waiting.

GIRLS' BODIES, AS FLAMING ROCKETS, LEAP TO STREET

Three minutes after the first signs of fire came from the tall, forbidding factory building on Washington Place Saturday afternoon, a great crowd had gathered in the street below.

No sign of fire in the building had been observed by the spectators when suddenly something that looked like a bale of dark dress goods was hurled from an eighth story window.

"Somebody's in there all right," exclaimed a spectator. "He's trying to save the best cloth."

Another seeming bundle of cloth came hurtling through the same window, but this time a breeze tossed open the cloth and from the crowd of 500 persons there came a cry of horror.

The breeze had disclosed the form of a girl shooting down to instant death on the stone pavement beneath.

Before the crowd could realize the full meaning of the horror another girl sprang upon another window ledge. It seemed that she had broken open the window with her fists. Her hair, streaming down her back, was all ablaze and her clothing was on fire.

She stood poised for a moment with her arms extended and then down she came.

A united murmur of dread went up from the watching multitudes, rising to a loud note of despair as three other girls at the same moment threw themselves from various windows and other girls could be seen clinging to the window frames, struggling for breath and trying to decide between the death within the factory room and the death on the stone pavement and sidewalk below.

What seemed a full minute passed before the next girl jumped. As she took the fatal leap a wave of flame followed her from the window, giving thes pectators some idea of conditions in the building.

A shout of terror from a score or more girls who lined the upper windows of one of the high buildings on the opposite side of the street apprised those of us on the sidewalk of a new terror. They could see what others could not, a rush of girls on the ninth and tenth floors of the building toward the windows on the Washintgon place front.

Until that moment there had appeared no signs of fire on the two upper floors, but puffs of smoke came from the windows and then a girl burst right through a window on the topmost floor and sprang out to death. Fire followed her, but disappeared for a time while the little lights began playing by the score about the upper window casings.

The gladdest sound that had ever come to the ears of the spectators was the clanging of the bell announcing the first of the fire aparatus was coming form Broadway.

Crowds Didn't See Horror at Airshaft.

Stretching ut her arms in an appeal for held one girl seemed to study the crowd below. The window in which she stood was outlined with little tongues of flame. One flame touched her dress and it began to burn. Again stretching out her arms the girl plunged headforemost to the street, while the crowd stood with averted faces until the men and women knew that all was over.

MAID AND $10,000 MISSING

Said to Be the Notorious 'Disappearing Maid."

By the Associated Press.

Washington, March 28.—Detective Howlett has gone to New York on the trail of Mary Mueller, alias Mary Miller, the comely "lady's maid," who started to work at 10 o'clock the other morning for Mrs. Mary Adams, of 1621 New Hampshire avenue, and left in the afternoon coincidentally with the disappearance of $10,000 worth of her mistress' jewelry.

The police believe that the woman is one of the most notorious and skilled crooks in the country, and have sent descriptions of her broadcast.

Posing as a lady's maid with excellent recommendations from a number of prominent New York and Boston families, which the police believe were stolen, they say she has been given employment in homes in at least half a dozen cities of the country and has promptly robbed her employers and departed.

"HUBBY" TO WASH BABY

Alderman Explains the Duties of Married Man.

Wilkesbarre, March 28.—Alderman Donohue, of this city, laid down the law to husbands yesterday, when he declared that it is the duty of the husband to wash and dress the baby if his wife is too busy with other household duties to give the child her attention. The fact that he was occasionally required to wash the infant was one of the causes that led Arthur Goulson, of Plymouth, to leave his wife and child and go to live with his mother. The wife followed him and, alleging the mother assaulted her, had her arrested.

PEACE IN MEXICO AND IN 10 DAYS

Father of Rebel Leader Madero Says It Will Come in Thirty at Most.

San Antonio, Texas, March 28.—Francisco I. Madero, Sr., father of the insurrecto leader, upon his arrival here today, declared that peace in Mexico is assured within 30 days and probably within 10 days. Himself, his son Alfonso and his son Gustavo, he thought, would be the revolutionary representatives at a conference.

El Paso, Texas, March 28.—Guerrilla warfare has been formally abandoned by the Mexican insurrectos, according to a decree issued by Francisco I. Madero and made public here today.

The decree organizes the entire republic of Mexico into seven groups of states, each group to be known as a war zone, and the insurrectos in each group to constitute a corps.

Army ranks and the promise of a law giving pensions to widows and children is announced.

Madero becomes "supreme head of the insurgent army."

One of the objects of Madero in abolishing guerilla warfare is to induce foreign countries to recognize the belligerency of the insurrectos, it is stated.

Chihuahua Is Now Safe.

Dispatches from Chihuahua City today say Gen. Rabago, with 1,100 federal troops, has reached the city, after having been on the march from Juarez since February 24. Rabago went south to repair the burned bridges of the Mexican National railroad. Most of the bridges have been burned behind him, and Chihuahua City is now said to be well fortified and commanded by 3,500 federals. It is reported a detachment of federals soon will be started northward to find and engage Madero.

TAFT IS INFORMED THAT MEXICO IS NEAR ANARCHY

Washington, March 28.—Affairs in Mexico are in a state bordering on anarchy and are much more serious than has been indicated by the dispatches sent out of Mexico City.

These are the reports which have been laid before President Taft and which he will lay before his cabinet at the regular meeting today.

The reports indicate that the change was made in the Mexican cabinet only at the last minute and that the reassuring statements from the Diaz regime were merely expressed hopes.

Americans May Suffer.

These reports have come from agents of the departments of state, war and commerce and labor, who are in the field. They show that American interests, while receiving protection from violence, have been forced to suspend business. They also state that if conditions do not improve, Americans and American interests may suffer from extreme violence.

It was because conditions were so bad that President Taft dispatched troops to the border. It is because these conditions are growing worse that the administration is going to keep them there.

MADE DEAD MAN'S HEART BEAT

Philadelphia, March 22.—Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka, professor of anatomy at Jefferson medical college, and famed as a heart and brain specialist, in an address last night at the auditorium of the Philadelphia Electric building, declared that aside from its commercial value electricity has a greater value to mankind.

Dr. Spitzka told how he had obtained the heart of Antonio Pacito, the murderer, recently hanged at Moyamensing, three minutes after he had been cut down, and by the application of electricity he discovered that he could obtain a regular heart beat, and that there was sufficient life left to ring an electric bell.

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HE WON'T SAY HELLO AGAIN

Boston Man Didn't Repeat His Greeting to Undertaker.

Boston, March 24.—Frank Coffrin, of East Boston, who had the appearance of being dead about a month ago, when the undertaker was called to prepare the corpse for burial, is now dead at the North Grove street morgue. Death was due to pneumonia. Coffrin was about to be embalmed February 22 by Richard C. Kirby when he jumped up, saying: "Hello, Dick; glad to see you."

KING CONSULTS A SOCIALIST

Victor Emmanuel Confers With Deputy Bissolati at Rome.

Rome, March 24.—The visit of Deputy Bissolati, leader of the Socialist parliamentary group, yesterday at the Quirinal, where King Victor Emmanuel consulted him regarding the ministerial crisis, is considered a political event of great importance.

Bissolati wore his usual shabby suit of gray, with a soft black hat, and looked the true type of the proletariat. His conversation with the king lasted an hour, and he expressed the opinion that former Premier Giolitti was best adapted to solve the serious problems arising through the resignation of Premier Luzatti.

But, beyond this, the audience was notable for the reason that it was Bissolati who, during one of the stormiest sittings of the chamber of deputies in 1900, when obstructionists were blocking the proceedings, shouted loudly three times, "Death to the king."

A few months afterward Humbert was assasinated by the anarchist Maetano Bresel, at Menza.

AIRMAN TAKES 11 IN FLIGHT

Record Performance by Monoplane at Douai, France.

Douai, France, March 23.—Aviator Louis Breguet made a record performance today when he carried 11 passengers in his monoplane a distance of two miles.

BARS GREEN TEA FROM U. S.

Government Decides Coloring Is Injurious to Health.

Washington, March 25.—Lovers of green tea will be distressed to learn that after May 1 they will find it impossible to procure their favorite beverage in this country.

This government's "tea board" has, after careful consideration, decided that the artificial coloring of tea is injurious to health, and that therefore its further importation is unlawful and must be stopped.

The decision is expected to have a far-reaching effect, especially on the commerce of Japan, which exports artificially colored tea in large quantities. The United States imports approximately 115,000,000 pounds of tea a year, and the proportion artificially colored is roughly estimated at not less than half. It is assumed that a large number of the tea producers of Japan will be compelled materially to alter their methods to meet the new treasury regulation.

500 REBELS DEFEATED AND 36 KILLED; FEDERALS LOSE 9

Agua Prieta, Mexico, March 24.—Immediate danger of an attack on Hermosillo seems to be averted for the present by the defeat of 500 rebels on Wednesday at La Colorado, a mining camp, which thy took without trouble a few days ago.

A fierce battle, lasting all day, terminated in the retreat of the rebels. The government report places the rebel dead at 36 and the federal dead at eight.

The rebels concentrated from the south, evidently planning a junction with Juan Cabral's band, marching from Carbo.

PONY GUARDS HELPLESS BOY

Lad Rescued After Three Days in Storm—Feet Amputated.

Bloomington, Ind., March 27.—Word has been received here that Herschel Carmichael, a former Bloomington boy, 20 years old, who moved to Montana several months ago, has had both feet amputated in a hospital at Miles City, Mont.

Young Carmichael was lost in a blizzard and was exposed for three days. When found by a searching party he was at the point of death.

When found snow covered his body and prevented him from freezing to death. His pony stopped and was found standing over the boy when the searching party rescued him.

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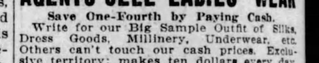

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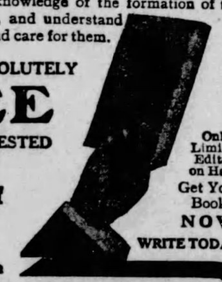

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Please send me free and with all charges prepaid the Easy Form Music Method and 100 pieces of music I will keep it seven days, and if satisfied that all your claims are true, I will send you $1.50 and then pay $1.00 per month until I have paid $6.50 in all. If I am not delighted with it I will return it within seven days, and I will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to you.

Number of white keys on my Piano or Organ .....

Name .....
Street No. or R.F.D. .....
Route .....
Town ..... State .....
Please write plainly.